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The Shape of Things

THE HOPELESSNESS OF JAPAN'S PLIGHT WAS underscored by the news coming in from the various Pacific fronts in the week following V-E Day. In spite of furious Japanese resistance, progress is being stepped up on Okinawa, and the end of that bloody campaign seems in sight. In the southern Philippines and on Tarakan the enemy's grasp on vital economic areas has been loosened, and both struggles are entering the mopping-up stage. Burma has been nearly cleared of the foe, and there are intimations that an attack on Singapore may be launched before many weeks. Even in China, where setbacks have come to be expected, a substantial United Nations victory is reported. Chinese troops, with powerful support from the American Fourteenth Air Force, are said to have broken Japanese lines in western Hunan and surrounded at least one enemy unit. This victory apparently removes the Japanese threat to the important American air base at Chihkiang. The most portentous development for the Japanese, however, was the renewal of large-scale B-29 raids against Japan's war industries. A 400-plane raid on the Tokuyama, Otake, and Oshima oil-storage areas, in which not an American ship was lost, indicated that General Doolittle's prediction of 2,000-plane raids is no idle boast.

*

THE COMMITTEE OF NATIONAL LIBERATION FOR Northern Italy has taken a clear stand with respect to the monarchy and the Italian provisional government. Although it wishes to do nothing which might endanger the unity of the country, it declares openly that the monarchy is hated not less than Fascism, and that the Bonomi government has neither the ability nor the authority to remain in power. When representatives of the Committee of National Liberation for Northern Italy met with Premier Bonomi recently, the president of the committee, Rodolfo Morandi, reminded him that the "very advanced and complete democratic legislation introduced in the north of Italy by the partisans" contrasted strongly with the backward situation persisting in the south. The committee therefore unanimously demanded the formation of a government whose key ministries, beginning with that of the Interior, would be intrusted to men capable of understanding the "very advanced legislation operating in the north." Until now the key ministries—Interior, Army, and Navy—have been in the hands of faithful monarchists. The great strength of the monarchist political machine in the south, built up with British aid, is described in detail by Mario Rossi on a later page. It is to be hoped that the committee's demands will be met and that a split between north and south may be avoided. If, as has been repeatedly hinted,

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the Premiership should go to Pietro Nenni, the government would be headed by a man who understands and would try to realize the ideals for which the partisans have been fighting.

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THE FIRST BONA FIDE GERMAN TRADE UNION meeting in 12 years took place in the Aachen Chamber of Labor on March 18. An account of the meeting attended by 70 former unionists appears in the March 21 issue of the AMG newspaper, the *Aachener Nachrichten*. A woman trade unionist (and member of the town council in pre-Hitler days) said, "All who were too cowardly to defy the Nazis share their guilt for the suffering of the innocent." A 13-point program was adopted, which includes the following immediate and long-term objectives: destruction of Prussian militarism and fascism; cooperation in removing Nazis from government, business, and industry; trade-union representation in all branches of public life; reintroduction of the right to strike, the eight-hour day, and the labor code; regulation of wages and vacations; suppression of the Nazi labor spy system in factories; safe-keeping of all Labor Front records; the establishment of May 1 as a legal holiday; admission of former Nazi party members to union membership but not to union office; cooperation with world labor movements; education, particularly of young people, in international understanding. The program is a catalogue of labor's losses under fascism; now all the goals must be won again. More than most groups in Germany, the labor movement is capable of laying the ground-work for a decent democratic life in that hate-levelled land.

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THE HIGH ARMY OFFICERS, ON THE OTHER hand, guilty as a class and guilty to the last man of promoting the rise of Nazism and its aggression against the world, are already busy establishing their claim to power in Germany. And in this attempt they have been helped by the inexplicable leniency of the Allied military authorities. Perhaps it is necessary to use members of the German high command as aids in demobilizing the German army, but certainly they need not be offered facilities to make radio pronouncements to the people, asserting their authority and dissociating themselves from the fallen Nazis. Von Falkenhorst, for example, former commander of the German forces in Norway, disclaimed all responsibility for the political administration of that country and shamelessly announced that the Allies had "liberated the army and the German people from the Nazi yoke." Busch, commander of the forces that surrendered to Field Marshal Montgomery, announced that he was "in charge" of northwestern Germany with the consent of the Allies. Inquiries are being made by the British government as to the circumstances under which such statements have been issued, but even if they are prevented from now on, great harm has been done. The German people have every right to be confused when they find the military leaders of Hitler's army placed in positions of responsibility by the Allied command. Even more disturbing has been the handling of captured Nazi leaders, particularly Goering. To permit this fascist terrorist to expound to the world his views on his fellow Nazis, the war, and world affairs generally was political stupidity of the lowest order. General Eisenhower has done well to repudiate this spectacle and forbid similar behavior in the future. It is high time American and British officers quit treating Hitler's gangsters like honorable colleagues. We much prefer the methods used by the Italian partisans. They are rough but they bear some relation to justice and common sense.

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PERHAPS ED KENNEDY'S PRESS COLLEAGUES IN Europe slightly overstated the case when they referred to his world "scoop" on the V-E Day news as "the most disgraceful, deliberate, and unethical double-cross in the history of journalism." But we think in the main they were justified. A news beat scored through the breach of a solemn pledge and involving, according to General Eisenhower, "possible loss of American and Allied lives" is hardly a credit to a journalist or to a great press service. How wide will be the repercussions of Kennedy's action it is difficult at this time to calculate. General Eisenhower was placed in the position of having apparently "broken an understanding with our Russian allies" at the very moment the Germans were doing everything to cause dissension and at a time when fuller understanding was desperately needed. Kennedy has not helped the standing of American correspondents in Russia. Moreover, from many accounts, army-press relationships in the European theater had been steadily deteriorating and army censorship had reached a peak of exasperating stupidity. Kennedy's irresponsible action, the only case of violation of confidence in the European war by an American correspondent, will vastly complicate rather than unravel this snarl. The AP's frank apology may help clear the air. Reform in censorship is needed and should not be delayed by one unfortunate defection, however serious might have been its consequences. This applies not only to our military censorship but to that of our allies. The free exchange of news is a prerequisite if understanding between nations is to be developed.

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FIORELLO LAGUARDIA WILL NOT RUN AGAIN for Mayor of New York, and the chances are that the city will revert once more to partisan government. To the half-million or so independent citizens whose balance of voting power has kept LaGuardia in office since 1934, this will be a cause for regret, but the regret will be tempered by a certain amount of relief. Insofar as New York City is a corporation, LaGuardia has managed its affairs well. The city government, under him, has been as nearly incorruptible as a city government can ever be. He himself has been honest, competent, and often creative in his leadership. He has, however, shared the common failings of reformers—intolerance and meddlesomeness—and he has manifested them through a remarkably aggressive and self-righteous personality. His high-handedness in dealing with what he considered moral issues in the theater, in the schools, and very often in private homes has exasperated many of his most loyal supporters and left him vulnerable to his enemies. Nevertheless, what New York needed most when LaGuardia took office was solvency, com-

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mon honesty, and efficient administration. If he has not as yet made the city solvent, his success in removing the high smokehouse flavor from city politics may be measured by the fact that the party leaders, now casting about for a possible successor, seem to be looking to men who can give the city as honest and efficient an administration as La-Guardia has given it. On the basis of past performance, this could be expected from William O'Dwyer, Joseph McGoldrick, Jonah Goldstein, or Newbold Morris, the four men who seem to lead the field at the present moment.

Conference Notes

San Francisco, May 13

PURELY by accident I found myself at the airfield when the first member of the Argentine delegation arrived. On hand were a strong complement of M.P.'s, the functionaries of the Argentine embassy in Washington, a band, several reporters, some photographers—no one else. The head of the delegation, Miguel Angel Carcano, Argentine ambassador to London, a former Minister of Agriculture, not especially connected with the present regime, was easily the best man the Farrell-Perón government could have sent. The other two members of the delegation originally announced, Espil and Escobar, both former ambassadors to Washington, avoided San Francisco by as wide a margin as possible. Espil proceeded to Madrid and Escobar to Paris to take up their ambassadorial posts.

Ambassador Carcano, who is well known for his social grace, stepped out of the plane with an ingratiating smile. Suddenly the Argentine ambassador to Washington, Ibarra Barcia, whispered something in his ear. Instantly the smile vanished and Carcano's face became pale. It was not hard to guess what he had been told. Only that morning the papers had carried the story of the suppression of V-E Day celebrations in Argentina and the arrest of Raul Taborda, editor of the liberal newspaper *Critica*, because he insisted on flying the flag of the Soviet Union alongside of the other United Nations' flags. Taborda had been the chairman of the parliamentary committee for the investigation of Nazi activities.

For Ambassador Carcano this news made a bad start for his San Francisco visit. He did not dare hold a press conference for fear that questions would be asked about the *Critica* incident. He must have been personally shaken, because he himself is owner of a mildly liberal paper published in Cordoba. For all he knew, his own editor at that very moment might be languishing in a cell.

It is interesting in these days to watch French-Spanish relations. I should not be surprised if one morning we read that De Gaulle had broken with Franco.

In that case there would be nine countries that have broken with Franco. Until now I have always counted seven—Russia, China, Czechoslovakia, New Zealand, Mexico, Guatemala, Yugoslavia. But when I went over this list the other day in the presence of the very keen and truly democratic Foreign Minister of Australia, Mr. Evatt, he challenged me furiously: "What about Australia?" It was Mr. Evatt who introduced the first amendment seeking to bar Franco from the new international organization.

A very lively topic of discussion in conference circles is: "Who will be the general secretary?" The prevailing impression is that the post will go to an American. Names are beginning to be mentioned. It was interesting to hear from an intelligent diplomat who has lived in the United States for many years and who knows Washington circles intimately that his candidate is not an acknowledged expert on foreign affairs like Sumner Welles, not a great administrator with experience in large affairs, but a Justice of the Supreme Court—Hugo L. Black. J. A. d. V.

Will There Be Jobs?

DESPITE all the talk of post-war plans in the past three years, V-E Day caught the United States without an over-all program for reconversion or full employment. True, the War Production Board and the army were ready with an orderly program of cutbacks and gradual demobilization. A few hours after the final signatures were put on the surrender documents many WPB controls were relaxed to encourage a gradual resumption of the production of essential civilian goods. But no steps have been taken to enable the war workers who lose their jobs to find new ones readily or to cushion the economic shock of the transition period. Nor have any preparations been made to assure ex-service men and former war workers of jobs after V-J Day.

The announced cutbacks for the next few months are not large. General Somervell, commander of the Army Service Forces, has said that the army will cut about $3,500,000,000 from its procurement program in the next 90 days. It is estimated that procurements will drop 18 per cent in the next eight months and from 25 to 30 per cent in the next twenty months. Cutbacks at this rate would seem to present few problems during the next six or eight months; the materials and men released are needed for the production of civilian goods. But no allowance is made in these estimates for the reduction in ship construction. Shipbuilding in the third quarter of this year will be 15 per cent below the present level; in the fourth quarter it will be down 35 per cent; and by the end of 1945 the cutbacks will become really severe. Scheduled tank production for the last three months of the year has been reduced by approximately 70 per cent. Aircraft production may be trimmed by as much as 30 per cent. Most observers feel that the army and navy are being extremely cautious in announcing cutbacks. A few months from now they are likely to find themselves overstocked on many types of equipment, thus forcing many unanticipated cancelations. According to some estimates, the cut in military output may reach 50 per cent by the end of the year.

Translating the officially estimated cutbacks into lost jobs, Director of War Mobilization Vinson has indicated that 1,500,000 workers will lose their jobs in the next six months and that 3,000,000 more will be thrown out of work in the ensuing six months. During this year approximately 2,000,000 men are expected to be demobilized from the army. Because of present shortages of man-power in most industries,

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the chances are that four or five million workers can be absorbed in civilian pursuits during the year. So far so good. But what if the cutbacks turn out to be much greater than the present cautious estimates? And what will happen if Japan collapses in six or eight months, as many authoritative observers confidently predict?

While the first stages of reconversion appear well under control, there is grave danger of chaos in the later stages, particularly after V-J Day. A large proportion of the WPB controls have already been lifted, and most of the others are expected to be removed by the end of the year. J. H. Krug, head of the WPB, has declared that all controls would be dropped as soon as possible after the defeat of Japan. Thus the major task of reconversion—the closing of the greater number of the war plants and the reabsorption of the bulk of the demobilized service men, will be completely unregulated.

Some private concerns, notably the General Electric Company, have laid plans for expanding their output in order to provide as many jobs as possible, but industry spokesmen confess frankly that they see little possibility of even approximating the present employment level in the post-war period. In an effort to forestall public criticism, business spokesmen are at the moment engaged in a campaign to discredit a program of 60,000,000 jobs as an unrealistic and unobtainable goal. While they do not deny that the present labor force, together with the men and women in the armed forces, totals considerably more than 60,000,000, they insist, with little evidence, that at least 6,000,000 will voluntarily withdraw from the labor force at the end of the war. And they suggest that we should accept 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 unemployed as normal, thus leaving the job goal at slightly over 50,000,000. Even this goal, they admit, probably will not be attained through the efforts of industry alone.

Yet except for the limited assistance provided by an inadequate unemployment insurance system, the government has taken no steps to guarantee jobs or otherwise to sustain consumer buying power during the difficult transition period that lies ahead. For the moment, to be sure, the problem is still one of excess buying power. Not enough consumer goods are being manufactured to absorb the buying power created by war production. But this situation will rapidly change as consumer goods begin to appear on the market and the level of wages is reduced through the elimination of overtime. The number of jobs that will be opened up in private industry to replace those lost in war plants will depend primarily on industry's prospects for selling its goods. And this in turn will depend chiefly on the extent to which purchasing power is maintained during the reconversion period.

President Roosevelt made the maintenance of purchasing power one of the chief campaign issues last fall. We can be sure that if he had lived the Administration would have come forward with a concrete program designed to assure 60,000,000 jobs. Except for the Murray bill, which has been ignored at the White House, no such program appears to be under consideration today. Congress has not even taken up the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill for expanding and extending social-security protection. Unless action is taken shortly on both these measures, our fighting men may find themselves returning to an America of bread lines and soup kitchens as did the heroes of 1918.

Fragments of One World

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

En route, San Francisco-New York, May 12

I LEFT San Francisco with relief this morning. The conference has gone into a period of committee work, of behind-the-scenes bargainings, which is difficult to report for a daily paper, impossible for a weekly. Even speculation, the stock in trade of the reporter without news, is likely to blow up in one's face before the week is out. And the secrecy that has closed down on all the committee proceedings adds to the difficulty of keeping tabs on a circus of changing acts taking place in about two dozen rings. The "leak," intentional or cleverly procured, is the reporter's best bet, but it is an unreliable kind of information, useful chiefly as a crowbar to pry real news out of tightly closed officials. The open rows of the first days which made stories have subsided, although the tensions that caused them are still there, and the delegates are warily picking their way among political time bombs toward agreements which appear likely to circumvent rather than solve the difficulties.

How is it possible to deal intelligently with such a picture? I don't know, but I hope, as the smooth tableland of Kansas flows westward down below me, that time and distance will provide the perspective San Francisco denied the truly inquiring reporter. If I have formed any opinions during the past three weeks, they are tentative, based less on facts than on the general temper of the meeting, the character of the people who compose it, the tendencies suggested by decisions so far made. I put them down with diffidence, reserving the right to change them as the days pass; hoping I can change them.

First of all, I reject the notion so generally accepted in the press that Russia is to be looked upon as a maverick state, unbranded and unpredictable, or that its actions are mysterious. A favorite attitude among writers, including liberal writers, is to assume that Soviet policy poses a unique problem. "We must try to get along with Russia, but how far should we go in making concessions?" I believe a more realistic view would admit that every nation represented at San Francisco is looking after its own interests, and that the hope of a collective system depends upon the degree to which each nation accepts such a system as necessary to its own survival. Russia plainly wants an international security organization. Equally plainly it has little confidence that such an organization is going to be strong enough to depend upon in the near future; so it is building up simultaneously a system of national security. The danger that the second will still further weaken the first does not deter Russia.

But look at the other big powers. Their methods may be more discreet, their manners nicer, but are they sacrificing any measures of national protection to the general plan? China alone offered to yield some area of sovereignty to the new collective organization. It is not too cynical, perhaps, to suggest that China's weakness as a nation, its need of protection during the period of national integration that lies ahead, may have influenced its attitude. In any case China's words resounded in a vacuum. The new mandate scheme,

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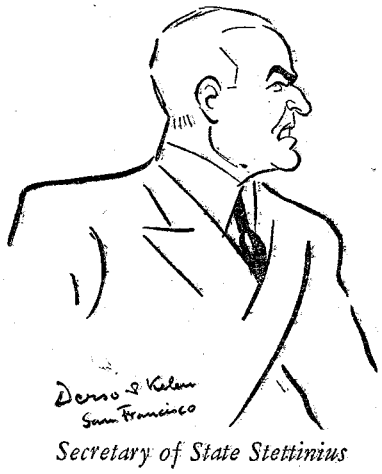
renamed trusteeship, differs little from the old one. The most important change, to permit the establishment of military bases and fortifications in mandated territories, is hardly a sign of increased trust in collective measures. The Russians intend to ring themselves round with friendly states—which means, obviously, states whose governments are free of anti-Russian elements and which are prepared to gear their economic life, under whatever system, closely to Russia's requirements for defense and reconstruction. But how much more deplorable is this attitude than Britain's apparent determination to keep the liberated Italian colonies in Africa, to fortify them, and levy troops from the native populations—all under the aegis of the trusteeship plan? And how much worse was Russia's arrest of the "sixteen" Poles than the arrest last summer of the Greek delegates from the E. A. M. who went in good faith to Cairo to confer with the British? As far as anybody knows, the Greek envoys are still in prison, but nobody has suggested that cooperation with Britain will be impossible as long as it goes on doing these things. Why is it that nobody suggests such a thing? Because it would be manifestly absurd. But since that is so, why do people wonder anxiously how long we can put up with the behavior of Russia?

And how much more of a threat to peace through collective action are Russia's measures for security than our own firm hand on the Western Hemisphere and our claim to the Japanese islands? We may give to both the appearance of subordination to the world organization, but in each case the actual power will remain with the United States. We, like Russia and Britain, will hold on to everything we think may augment our national security and will yield to the new League only such powers as will not interfere with basic measures of defense. Russia, a great land power, is drawing around it protective land areas. We are interested in far-flung strategic bases necessary to the security of a hemisphere. Britain is still clinging to—and adding to—the defenses of its empire routes. France fights to retain the "automatic" application of its defense pact with Russia and looks toward a similar agreement with Britain. Defenders of the Western Hemisphere security plan are still, as I write, seeking a "formula" which will permit it to function and yet somehow to gear into the over-all system: a formula will undoubtedly be discovered, but it will not hide the fact that any scheme of hemisphere security demonstrates a lack of confidence in world security.

The best hope as I write these words rests in an honest attempt on the part of the still allied nations to overcome mutual suspicions and fears. At the worst we shall get an agreement at San Francisco. It will establish a world organization of strictly limited powers. At the center of this organization will be an armed alliance of the three greatest nations. For the immediate future the effective functioning of the organization will depend upon the capacity of those three nations to work together. If that fails, the security system itself will crumble. If some measure of unity is maintained, the system will survive and may gather strength. The elements that create distrust in each governing group may be shoved out of power by processes of revolutionary change already visible. Meanwhile the nations represented in San Francisco have at least the elementary obligation to repair the damage already done by openly expressed distrust. If each delegation would admit for the duration of the conference its own interested motives and forswear self-righteous accusations of the others, a start might be made toward the honest and realistic relations which must form the basis of even a limited system of collective action.

Pie in the 'Frisco Sky

BY I. F. STONE



Secretary of State Stettinius

San Francisco, May 13

FROM one point of view, the whole trusteeship question is the big fraud of the United Nations Conference for International Organization. It is pie in the sky, a very distant sky, for the colonial and colored peoples. What has really been going on here under the grandiose and attractive idea of trusteeship is a polite but unmistakable wrangle over strategic bases and the territorial booty which will be left over after the Axis is finally defeated. Honestly to discuss the very real problem of bases and the disposition of the Italian and Japanese empires is one thing. But to cover it over with the concept of trusteeship is dangerously to arouse, and then to disappoint, the hopes of 750,000,000 colonial and colored people. The contrast between the universal principles enunciated in the American, British, and French proposals and their niggardly application is politically explosive. It is of just such inflated expectations and morning-after disillusion-

Foreign Minister Molotov

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ment that revolutionary movements have often been born.

But it is not enough to make this observation. The question goes deeper and is more complex. The trusteeship idea was Rooseveltian, as the mandatory idea at Versailles was Wilsonian. Both reflected the effort of humane and enlightened but politically weak forces to insert the thin edge of the wedge into the harsh block of imperialism, to establish a principle that might serve as a starting-point for its amelioration and ultimate end. This was always Mr. Roosevelt's way at home—to get the main principle written into law at the cost of whatever compromise and in however meager a form. This was, for example, his attitude on social security; he was fully aware of how imperfect was the first Social Security Act. That seemed to him trivial beside the achievement of enacting the principle itself, and he was right.

There is an important difference, however, between doing this on the domestic and on the international plane. At home Mr. Roosevelt had strong support; the principles could be put into practice under popular pressure. But in foreign affairs, and especially in so distant a matter as the fate of colonial and colored peoples, there is no comparable organized, informed, interested, and insistent opinion; the colonial peoples themselves have but faint voice. Under such circumstances, the expression and acceptance of noble general principles have little effect and appear in retrospect as mere insincere window-dressing to disguise the continuance of imperialist exploitation.

That this would be the ultimate fate of the trusteeship idea seemed probable after Mr. Roosevelt's death. He left the idea as an unwelcome legacy to the American delegation, a group not overcrowded with men of vision. The State Department and the delegation itself were at once set upon by the Navy Department. "We have spent millions of dollars and thousands of lives conquering the Japanese-held islands in the Pacific," Admiral Hart told the Institute of Pacific Relations at Hot Springs, "and we have no intention of relinquishing their sovereignty to another international authority after this war." The American proposals had to be whittled down to satisfy the navy. The net effect of the American, British, and French proposals is to permit any country to give up its empire if it chooses to do so! In the meantime, while awaiting this unlikely event, "trusteeship" is actually a step behind the League mandates system in that it gives the possessing power a legal right to fortify dependent areas and to use dependent peoples and resources for war.

This highly satisfactory—from the imperial point of view—state of affairs has been upset by the Soviet Union. The U. S. S. R. at San Francisco has seized world leadership on three great issues whose importance for the future cannot be overestimated. The first was the Argentine issue. That this is neither a special case nor a settled question was indicated by Mr. Molotov's statement to the press on May 7, in which he said that the program being charted here "is incompatible with the membership of fascist countries in the organization of international security . . . for fascist countries are known to be sinister centers not only of reaction but of war as well."

The second issue was connected with the right to work and the right to an education. Mr. Molotov revealed, what some of us already knew, that the Soviet Union had sought to include these among the human rights referred to in the charter. He said the U. S. S. R. withdrew its request when told that "it would be inadvisible to mention any specific rights." I know from reliable American sources that Senator Vandenberg and Representative Eaton led the fight to keep the right to work and the right to an education out of the charter.

The third issue on which the U. S. S. R. has taken the leadership is the question of colonial and colored peoples. This became apparent in three stages. I know from both the Indian press and the Indian Nationalists here what a sensation was created when Mr. Molotov during the debate on Argentina said, "We have at this conference an Indian delegation. But India is not an independent state. We all know that the time will come when the voice of an independent India will be heard too." There were, I am told, banner headlines on that statement in the press of India, and for the colonial and colored peoples India is the touchstone and the test of imperial intention. The second step came at the May 7 press conference when Mr. Molotov said that in considering trusteeship proposals the Soviet delegation "realizes that from the viewpoint of the interest of international security we must first of all see to it that dependent countries are enabled as soon as possible to take the path of national independence." The American delegation, at an off-the-record press conference, sought to counteract the effect of this statement by saying that no concrete proposals had been made by the Russians and implying that they were just talking for political effect. But the Soviet delegation has now taken the third step and embodied this idea in formally suggested amendments to the American proposals.

If Mr. Roosevelt were alive, he would utilize this Russian pressure—which certainly accords with the natural sympathy of average Americans for subject peoples—to force the British and the French and the Dutch to compromise, to meet the desires of the colonial peoples halfway, to give some substance to the concept of trusteeship. Mr. Roosevelt understood with instinctive vision that the coming century would see the colonial and colored peoples rise to the place in the world they deserve, that their friendship is important to our children and grandchildren, that our own democratic traditions call for an understanding attitude toward their aspirations, and that their freedom would eliminate the imperialist rivalries which are a major cause of war. Unfortunately, there are not more than two or three persons on the American delegation who understand this. And unless President Truman rises to the occasion as Mr. Roosevelt would have done, the Soviet position is likely to be utilized only as another means of creating distrust between the U. S. S. R. and the West. But that would be to identify our own country with imperialism and reaction in the minds of the colonial and colored peoples and to orient them toward the U. S. S. R. This would be unworthy of what America has meant to the world in the past and should mean in the future.

What would meet the hopes of dependent peoples halfway? First, for the colonial and colored peoples, the right of oral petition in person to the trusteeship council, the right to have the reports of that council made public, the right to native representation upon it, the right to an education. This

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is not much to ask. Second, for India—which has a dual disadvantage in being a subject state whose purely formal sovereignty is made an excuse for continuing its subjection—some provision must be made at least to let its own voice be heard by the trusteeship council, and to provide an international guaranty of Britain's past promises of self-government. Third, for my own people, the Jews, millions of whom still want and need a national home in Palestine: unless certain amendments suggested by the American Jewish conference can be obtained, the upshot of the shift to "trusteeship" will be to deprive the Jews in Palestine and their homeless brethren abroad of what fragile rights in that country are still left to them from the promises so solemnly made in the last war. Palestine would still be a British mandate, but Jewish rights in it would be less than before, the pawn of maneuvering by English and American oil interests for Arab favor. The trusteeship issue brings the great powers to a historic moment. If President Truman has the foresight to seize upon it, he can utilize the leverage made available by the U. S. S. R. to win considerable concessions from the other powers, and with it for America the gratitude and respect of mankind.

Truman: a Trial Balance

BY ALAN BARTH

Washington, May 10

ON V-E DAY, Harry S. Truman celebrated his sixty-first birthday and neared the completion of his first month as President of the United States. Little known or understood when he took office, despite a substantial public record written during his sixty-one years, his character and political philosophy are unlikely to be fully revealed by four weeks in the Presidency. Nevertheless, there have been portents. They deserve examination, even though the conclusions to be drawn from them can be no more than tentative.

Harry S. Truman

In judging President Truman during the initial period of shock after Mr. Roosevelt's death, people tended publicly to hope for the best and privately to fear the worst. Published prognostications reflected, in the main, the wishes of their authors. They had the effect, consequently, of representing the new President to an extraordinary degree as being all things to all men.

Representative Clare Hoffman, for example, after describing Mr. Truman as "just an ordinary American with the background of a Lincoln," said, "That is why so many believe he may prove to be in some respects another Calvin Coolidge"—the logic of this inference may possibly seem obscure. Max Lerner, writing in *PM*, on the other hand, observed that "the Republicans . . . finally are coming to the disillusioning conclusion that the President who succeeded Roosevelt is not a Republican."

Raymond Moley offered this assurance to his readers: "There will certainly be no disposition in Mr. Truman to create a new kind of economic life out of the necessary controls of war. That is why conservatism will be the major drift. . . ." Frank Kent promised even more: "Naturally, Mr. Truman starts off with declarations of deepest devotion to Mr. Roosevelt personally and a dedication to carry out his war and peace policies. The country expects that. Anything else at this time would be bad taste as well as bad judgment. Naturally, too, Mr. Truman wants to proceed slowly. But, soon or late, he is bound to get rid of a very large number of the advanced New Dealers who, one way or another, have become intrenched here in Washington." But Margaret Marshall said in *The Nation* that "if the right expects any spectacular overturn of the New Deal it will probably be disappointed." And I. F. Stone expressed a feeling which I think was prevalent among good New Dealers: "I hate to confess it, but I think Mr. Roosevelt was astute and farsighted in picking Mr. Truman rather than Mr. Wallace as his successor. . . . I think Mr. Truman will carry on Mr. Roosevelt's work."

Plainly it would have been, as Mr. Kent so delicately suggested, bad judgment on the part of the new President to disappoint any of these glowing expectations out of hand. They constituted a semblance of national unity at a moment when unity was desperately needed. They gave him a respite from attack, a chance to take hold of his overwhelming new responsibilities. But political honeymoons are of notoriously short duration. Already President Truman is being confronted by what William James called "forced options"—choices in which delay is a form of decision and in which inaction is equivalent to negation. Their urgency has been accented by the advent of V-E Day.

Reconversion, for instance, is ceasing to be a theory and is becoming a condition. He must either accept or attempt to broaden and humanize a law which his predecessor considered altogether inadequate in its treatment of war workers. He must put his shoulder to, or turn his back upon, the Murray full-employment bill. He must show where he stands on regional authorities for river-valley developments—and, if he is for them, choose between the Ickes and Lilienthal philosophies. Unless Mr. Truman gives it real indorsement,

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the Fair Employment Practice Committee is probably doomed. By his action on such issues, rather than by his protestations of fealty to Mr. Roosevelt, the new President will be judged. Either the liberals or the conservatives, or both, can be expected to start screaming soon.

In point of fact, President Truman has shown little disposition to dodge decisions. Indeed, decisiveness has been his outstanding quality since he assumed the Presidency, and it has had a wonderfully tonic effect upon the whole governmental hierarchy. He makes choices, and he does not seem to bleed over them once they have been made. Apparently he meant what he said when he told the members of the Roosevelt Cabinet that he wanted them to stay on. The exceptions to this—Postmaster General Walker and perhaps Secretary Perkins, who has long wanted to leave—are special cases. The other members of the Cabinet have come to believe in his sincerity and, what is more important, in his confidence in them. As a result, they have given him their loyalty and accepted him as "the boss" to a rather remarkable degree. At the very least, it can certainly be said that the resentment which they might have felt quite naturally over his accidental elevation to the place of their revered commander, Mr. Roosevelt, has been transformed into sympathy for his position and a genuine desire to help him.

The appointments to office which Mr. Truman has so far made are straws in the wind, although of somewhat doubtful significance. His selection of John W. Snyder for the vital job of Federal Loan Administrator, which eluded Henry Wallace, was accepted hopefully on both sides of the political fence. Conservatives remembered that Snyder was a banker, and liberals that he had defied Jesse Jones. There is little to be learned from his choice of other World War I companions, such as Edward McKim and Colonel Harry Vaughn, save that he likes to have his friends around him. Almost everyone acclaims Charles G. Ross of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* as his press secretary.

The one really disheartening act of Mr. Truman's Administration to date has been the appointment of Edward W. Pauley, California oil man and treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to serve as American member of the Allied Reparations Commission in Moscow. It is hard to understand this in any save political terms; and it is made the more distasteful by the subordination of Dr. Isador Lubin, named to the post by Mr. Roosevelt and brilliantly qualified to fill it. For the philosophical, however, there is the consideration that Mr. Truman might have seen fit to reward Pauley with a place in the Cabinet.

As an offset to this political move, moreover, there is the renomination of David Lilienthal as chairman of the TVA. It remains to be seen, of course, whether the President will use his influence to keep the TVA out of Senator McKellar's clutches; but he has certainly taken the first essential step toward that end. He took it, characteristically, without alienating the rambunctious presiding officer of the Senate. Indeed, I am informed, he very nearly managed to make McKellar like it.

President Truman seems to have something of a knack for getting people to like, rather than lump, the things he does. It is a peculiarly useful knack in a time like the present. He will placate, but the chances are that he will not equivocate. In all probability he will not for long be content to wear the mantle of Roosevelt. He has a style of his own; and no doubt he will have policies of his own to fit the events which will confront him. And this, after all, is the most hopeful portent of his month's incumbency. He has shown, from the first difficult day when he was called upon to take over, that he is, in fact, a President.

Back to Grandfather

BY STUART CHASE

I

PROFESSOR HAYEK is an Austrian who went to England with other German and Austrian scholar exiles in the early 1930's. They were welcomed by the London School of Economics, and began an evangelical revival of the doctrine of free competition as formulated a century and a half ago by Adam Smith. For a dozen years books and articles have been flowing from the energetic pens of Professors Hayek, von Mises, and others of the so-called Vienna School. Until the publication of "The Road to Serfdom" last fall, nobody paid much attention except the academic economists, who have tossed the ball of dialectic to and fro in their learned journals.

All of us who took Economics 1 know Professor Hayek's story. The basic assumption is that economic affairs are best taken care of if individuals are left free to pursue their own personal gain. Neither the state nor private monopolies should interfere. This assumption depends in turn upon an optimistic view of the nature of the universe, where a "natural order" brings about a benign system of economic harmonies in the absence of outside regulation. A complete separation of economic from political power is cardinal to the doctrine, an "essential guaranty of freedom."

This metaphysic can be traced back to various European economists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and finds its culmination in the work of Cobden and Bright, in early nineteenth-century Britain. Professor Hayek, indeed, traces it back to the ancient Greeks, while carefully avoiding Plato—whose "Republic," of course, is one of the most ferocious exhibits in totalitarian planning ever put on parchment.

An invisible hand, the story goes, will transform individual self-seeking into the greatest good for the greatest number. The free play of goods and services in an all-inclusive market will automatically reward individuals according to their deserts, while insuring social progress. The structure of harmonies, however, is in delicate balance. Any conscious or thought-

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ful planning for the general welfare will destroy its automaticity and fruitfulness. A pious obedience to the dictates of the natural order is mandatory. Professor Hayek is rigorous on this point. He says: "Thus the more we try to provide full security by interfering with the market system, the greater the insecurity becomes." And again:

> It was men's submission to the impersonal forces of the market that in the past has made possible the growth of civilization . . . it is by thus submitting that we are every day helping to build something that is greater than any one of us can fully comprehend. . . . They are mistaken when . . . they argue that we must learn to master the forces of society in the same manner in which we have learned to master the forces of nature. This is the path to totalitarianism.

Thus men must resist any impulse to tinker with their destiny, and bow their heads before the mystery of the market as good Christians bow their heads before the mystery of God. But the world has taken a sad turn since the Golden Age when Cobden and Bright repealed the Corn Laws. The forces of evil secured a foothold about 1870, especially in Germany, and ever since, owing to the follies of collectivism, government interference, monopoly, and economic planning, we have been falling deeper into sin. In ringing terms our author bids us return to the ways, not of our fathers, but of our grandfathers. Back, he cries, before it is too late. "We have little right," he says, "to feel . . . superior to our grandfathers; and we should never forget that it is we, the twentieth century, and not they, who have made a mess of things." We cannot perhaps recreate the England of 1840, but "we have the opportunity to realize its ideals."

One reason for the current success of "The Road to Serfdom" is clear from these quotations. Here is the true faith we have lost, the fundamentalist doctrine that those of us beyond fifty were brought up on. When we are confused by the trend of events, frightened by the New Deal, appalled at our war economy with its astronomical debts and taxes, worried about Russia, uncertain about the British and their unorthodox White Papers—in short, when the world of 1945 is too much for us—we long to return to the old simple faiths.

Professor Hayek thus answers a deep spiritual need in American men of affairs. He also vigorously attacks "Socialists," "Communists," "planners," "bureaucrats," and thus warms the hearts of the executives again. At this particular point in history, while profit margins are widened by war orders, and before the post-war world falls down on us, the Vienna School revival might easily go like Technocracy in 1933—which also, in its day, filled a spiritual need. Technocracy, however, jumped us a century forward, while Vienna jumps us a century back. Middle-of-the-roaders like your reviewer get a little dizzy as the band-wagons rush fore and aft.

II

Our author's logic is as simple as his theology. He subscribes to the two-valued school: the philosophy of either-or. An event is either black or white; there is no room for shades of gray. Yet in the real world of space and time nearly every event is a shade of gray, with absolutes almost unknown.

In two-valued logic we must choose between "planning" and "freedom," between complete collectivism and complete laissez faire; there is no middle ground. Once the virus of planning is admitted, we are assured, it will spread like typhus until the whole economy is riddled with the disease. By the same token, free competition cannot tolerate any restrictions whatsoever, whether by government, labor unions, private monopolies, or pressure groups. We must have the pure, unadulterated article if we are to live as free men.

At this point practical men are forced to part company with two-valued logic. It bears no relation to the world they have to deal with day by day. In the real world the honest observer notes that Sweden and New Zealand, among others, have planned certain areas of their economic life for decades; yet nowhere does one find more upstanding individuals or more devotion to civil liberties.

An even more dramatic case is that of the United States at this very moment. The federal government, in a total war economy, has taken over the direction of the bulk of our activities, is buying about 60 per cent of everything produced, while the "law" of supply and demand has been laid away for the duration. On our author's logic we should be serfs, yet the Bill of Rights, with its freedoms of speech, press, assembly, religion, habeas corpus, stands foursquare. Listen any day to Colonel McCormick thunder in the *Tribune*. Freedom of civilians to choose jobs and goods has been only slightly restricted. Freedom of movement is unaffected—provided you can find a place in the train to stand. We are not quite so free as we shall be when the war is over; yet I should not advise Professor Hayek to begin calling Americans serfs in, say, Times Square.

For Germany he may be quite correct in holding that total war has reduced citizens to a kind of serfdom. For the United States, Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, he is wildly incorrect. This is the kind of pickle two-valued logic gets one into. Another pickle is the identification of "collectivism" with "socialism" with "communism" with "planning" with "Hitler." They are all synonymous in this logic. So one can reduce it to syllogisms like the following:

> Hitler plans
> Lord Keynes plans
> Therefore Lord Keynes equals Hitler.

Yet it would be just as fair to say:

> Hitler uses tanks
> General Eisenhower uses tanks
> Therefore General Eisenhower equals Hitler.

At one place in the book, I even found myself identified with Hitler, a logical simplification which I resent.

A curious corollary of our author's logic is to deny the possibility of an abundance economy. "Whoever talks about potential plenty is either dishonest or does not know what he is talking about. . . . It is this false hope as much as anything which drives us along the road to planning." Frankly, this shocks me. Doesn't the Professor ever look at current statistics? His book was published in 1944. In that year, according to all reliable sources, the gross national output of the United States was close to 200 billion dollars' worth of goods and services, or more than twice the prosperity peak of 1929. The "potential plenty" that "planners" used to talk about was around $100 billion. Is it dishonest to point out that the war has actually doubled the estimates of those crackpots and dreamers? Is it dishonest to believe that what America has done once it can do again—with tractors instead of tanks coming off the assembly line?

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III

Two-valued logic can be readily exorcised by asking the concrete question: *Planning for what?* If one is planning just for the sake of "planning" one is a proper target for Professor Hayek's blunderbuss. This breed of planners, however, is practically extinct in America. There is no special virtue in planning for economic goods which free competition can adequately supply. Check this with any member of the National Planning Association, from Beardsley Ruml down. A man with a head on his shoulders calls for plans *when something specific is breaking loose or threatens to break loose.*

When Model T's began to choke the roads in the early 1920's, for example, somebody had to plan the traffic before the hospitals overflowed. When I hear the word "planning" in a vacuum, I usually think of the traffic cop at Twelfth and Main. If readers of "The Road to Serfdom" did the same, they would not find much left to read. In 200 pages of high-order abstractions there is hardly a single concrete case.

The book does contain one glaring inconsistency and one useful warning. The inconsistency occurs when Professor Hayek, by some strange lapse, holds out a kind of olive branch to the planners in the form of social security and guaranteed minimums of food and shelter for the population. We had best forget this lapse, for it interferes with the logical perfection of the rest of the treatise. In fact, it removes the whole underpinning from the argument. One cannot both deny and admit the welfare state.

The warning, which every "planner" should paste under the glass top of his desk, is this: If citizens surrender all responsibility for economic action to a centralized government, as in Germany and Russia, citizens will lose their civil liberties, their freedoms to choose jobs and goods. For Americans this would indeed be a kind of serfdom. For Russians, however, having been in Russia, I am not so sure. Russians do not look at you in the street the way a serf should look. They do not fight like serfs. Perhaps Russians just have a different set of habits about civil liberties.

In a democracy in the power age it is manifest that two general areas must be consciously directed: First, the government must plan to keep the market economy afloat. Otherwise monopolies, cartels, trade unions, farm blocs will torpedo it from one side, and catastrophic depressions torpedo it from the other. Second, the government, or the foundations, or the cooperatives, or somebody, has got to provide those economic goods and services which citizens must have and which business men are not interested in providing. They include the public-school system, public health and nutrition, social security, the national defense, the highways, conservation, housing for the lower income groups, municipal utilities, and so on.

In addition, the end of the war will require plans for such special tasks as these: to rehabilitate and reemploy fifteen million veterans; to transfer twenty million war workers to peace-time jobs; to dispatch great stores of food and medicines abroad; to dispose fairly of some 2,000 government war plants and some $100 billion of government inventories; to carry out agreements like those made at Dumbarton Oaks, Bretton Woods, and other international conferences, in the interests of world peace.

Can any of the matters listed above be settled by higgling in the market? Not one. They must be consciously directed or they will not be settled at all.

IV

Finally, let us look at Professor Hayek's account of the decline of free competition. He admits that all the trends are running in the opposite direction, but he says the planners are responsible—personally. They began their hatchet work in Germany, we are told, and now have spread all over the planet. This is flatly contradictory to the historical record in America, where laissez faire was undermined first by the monopolies and trusts of the business men, second by the collective bargaining of the unions, third by agricultural blocs, and last by the state—forced into the picture when the economy literally broke down. The oil trust was formed not long after the Civil War, the A. F. of L. was formed in the 1890's, the farm bloc in the 1920's, while powerful government action came only with the great depression of the 1930's.

The virgin free market was not violated by planners and collectivists in Germany or anywhere else but by the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Big Five Chicago packers, the A. F. of L., the Farm Bureau Federation, the protective tariff, the Aluminum Company of America, I. G. Farben, Imperial Chemical Industries, and the scores of other powerful monopolies, here and abroad, which for one reason or another—some of them pretty good reasons—could no longer tolerate the unimpeded "law" of supply and demand.

If all the planners, from Alexander Hamilton to Lord Keynes, had never written a line, the market would be in much the same state as we find it today, and the prospect of returning to the era of Jeremy Bentham would be equally bleak. We have no more warrant to go back to it than to go back to the medical practice of bleeding for all diseases.

The Golden Age of 1840—when little girls worked a fourteen-hour day underground in British coal mines—has been displaced chiefly by the gentlemen who are now acclaiming Professor Hayek's book. A return to free competition, in all its two-valued absolutism, which he celebrates, would break up most of the organized industry of the United States, every labor union, every farm organization concerned with economic action.

There is no road back to grandfather's bosom. We have to deal with the world as it is. The only way is forward. We are out on the darkling plain in this fateful year of 1945. We have lost a great leader, and an ominous journey lies before us. There is no escape to an economic fairyland where invisible hands put us to bed and rock us to sleep. We have only our naked intelligence to save us from looming disaster. We have got to stand on our own feet and act and dare—yes, and plan! Or mankind will be overwhelmed.

If enough Americans escape into Professor Hayek's wonderland to become a solid pressure group against all intelligent programs to solve specific post-war problems, then our task becomes far more difficult. Furthermore, those areas of private enterprise which "planners" honestly desire to keep open may be swept away. As the count of the unemployed goes up from ten to fifteen to twenty million, under a policy of drift and deadlock, the man on horseback will surely have his chance. Then we shall really taste serfdom.

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Criminals and War Criminals

BY RUSTEM VAMBERY

IN 1474 the magistrate of Bâle sentenced a rooster to be burned for the "heinous and unnatural crime" of laying an egg. Three centuries later Racine in "Les Plaideurs" ridiculed the trial and sentencing of a dog for having devoured a capon; the counsel for the dog brought in a litter of puppies and asked clemency for the *"pauvres enfants, qu'on veut rendre orphelins."* Until finally the psychological origin of the crime became the basis of legal prosecution, all kinds of domestic animals and vermin were tried for harmful deeds. However, there is no record of man-eating tigers, lions, or other wild animals being brought to trial. They were always killed without legal formalities.

There is no reason why wild beasts in human form like the Nazis should be dealt with differently. No one need be a better Christian than the Archbishop of York or a better statesman than Anthony Eden, who said in the House of Commons that if an Allied soldier should meet Hitler he would know what to do with him. But it is not only Hitler and other Nazi leaders who raise the problem of war criminals; there are hundreds of thousands of lesser men who, during the war, either as principals or as accessories, perpetrated murder, pillage, and brutality to a degree hitherto unknown in the history of warfare.

Unfortunately the terms "crime" and "criminal" are ambiguous. Crime, from the legal point of view, is any act prohibited by law and punishable in a judicial proceeding initiated in the name of the state (Sheldon Glueck). But any severe offense against morality is also called a crime, and those Nazis whose misdeeds have aroused our indignation are called criminals whether their atrocious behavior is a crime or not in the legal sense of the word. If we use the term "war crime," we introduce new legal complications. War crimes, in the proper sense, are infringements of martial law. Their number is indefinite and depends on the acts ordered or forbidden in the proclamation of martial law or the regulations of the invading or occupying commander (Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," Vol. II, p. 787). In another sense war crimes are violations of the American Rules of Land Warfare or of the rules of international law. These are, in I. W. Garner's view ("International Law and the World War II," p. 475), assimilable to ordinary crimes and punishable as such, and according to French authorities (Renault, Pic, Garçon) either belligerent may take jurisdiction. All this refers to what is known as international law.

No textbook of the criminal law of any country contains the terms "war crime" or "war criminal." There is, indeed, no such thing as war crime, meaning a special class of crime. In stressing this, I am not indulging in legalistic hairsplitting or attempting to deny the necessity of retribution for crimes committed during the war. In public opinion as reflected in the press war crimes are either just ordinary crimes, such as murder, robbery, arson, assault and battery, committed in an extraordinary measure by enemy citizens and punishable under the penal law of every civilized country, or acts of which we violently disapprove and which we call crimes because we want to have them punished. Dealing with the ordinary crimes offers no difficulty except for the unprecedented number of criminals. The trial of hundreds of thousands of Nazis and Fascists with all the rules of procedure duly observed would require so much time that in all probability neither the defendants nor the judge nor the jury would live to see the outcome. On the other hand, if the rules of law were disregarded and the trial became just a formality confirming the preconceived judgment of the political authorities, the justice meted out would offer no better guaranty that the innocent would be spared than if the military or political authorities disposed of the suspects.

As for the acts which we wish to see punished as crimes, neither aggressive war nor support for the Nazi doctrines which instigated the horrors that have appalled civilized mankind is listed as a crime in any criminal code of the world. It is idle to theorize whether Hitler was the head of a state or a common criminal—or both, as Dr. Lemkin concluded (*The Nation*, February 24). After all, the Western powers did accept and legalize Hitler's government by carrying on diplomatic relations with it. What really matters is whether those acts which have put into practice "the repugnant philosophy of National Socialism" can be considered crimes in the legal sense of the word, even if they were not explicitly prohibited and punishable by law.

Not only Article IX of the Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme but Section 9 of Article I of the Constitution of the United States declares that "no . . . ex post facto law shall be passed." This principle of *nullum crimen sine lege* is one of the most important achievements of the French Revolution. It is not simply one of the legalistic niceties but, as George W. Kirchwey put it, the foremost of general principles in the limitation of arbitrary power, from which there appears no warranted deviation in any modern state. A view similar to that of the great American liberal savant was expressed by the greatest German authority on pre-Hitler criminal law, Rudolf von Hippel, when he said that by admitting arbitrariness in the application of punishment the cultural standard of criminal law would be set back 150 years. This is exactly what happened in Germany ten years ago when Hitlerian "law" substituted "sound popular feeling" for legal prohibition. In his scholarly work "Axis Rule in Occupied Europe" Dr. Lemkin expressed the opinion that this "encroachment upon the rights of the individual . . . destroys the feeling of legal security and creates an atmosphere of constant fear and terror." It is surprising, therefore, that he considers mere membership in the Gestapo or the S. S. or other "such groups" an offense because "they constitute an association having as its purpose the commission of crimes *in genere*." That the hundreds of thousands of men in the S. S. and the political police were conscious of joining

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an unlawful conspiracy for crime is an entirely unwarranted assumption regardless of how many crimes they actually committed.

Joseph Bornstein's mordant satire in *The Nation* of April 28 forecasting the possible trial of the Nazi leaders reinforces the argument of Supreme Court Justice Jackson, who has said that to avoid "the risk of creating a 'myth of martyrdom' among countrymen of those criminals they should be executed. But such decisions should be military and political, not reached through forms of judicial procedure." All who are not blinded by the emotional desire for revenge must agree with Samuel Grafton, writing in the New York *Post*, that "the problem of what to do with the Germans cannot be solved on the narrow scale of reprisal and criminal punishment." The solution of the Mussolini problem was fortunate either way, as a substitute for a judicial settlement or for an interminable chain of revenge. It is understandable that the Holy See, based as it is on tradition and ceremonial institutions, deplored the summary execution of Mussolini and his henchmen, but it is doubtful whether a more elaborate trial ending in execution *arte legis* would have been more satisfactory either as justice or as retribution.

Whatever the solution, we have to keep in mind that law should not be made the charwoman hired to clear away the debris of history. Nazism and Fascism are revolutionary movements, and law, the static force of society, is not an adequate means of dealing with these passing events. Recognition of this inadequacy is neither judicial quibbling nor an attempt to help Nazi and Fascist monsters to escape the consequences of their misdeeds. On the contrary. If the problem is looked at from a practical angle, Dr. Lemkin's assertion that "it is difficult to see how political 'disposition' has a firmer legality than the judicial process" is begging the question. What civilized humanity, shocked by the unheard-of atrocities, demands is not legality or, still less, the misuse of the law to keep up appearances, but swift and merciless retribution. It is regrettable but unavoidable that bombs dropped on military objectives occasionally hit innocent civilians.

Satisfaction of all the bitterness that has accumulated as a result of the unspeakable cruelties of the Nazis and Fascists is not consistent with true justice based on law and order. And it makes no difference that those who fear revolution and civil war want a non-existent international tribunal to apply a non-existent natural law, or "law of humanity," instead of the existent rules of law. That would by no means remove the insurmountable difficulties but would increase the hypocrisy which becomes manifest when we use the form of justice to cloak the lack of its essence.

War and law are incompatible—even though this most terrible of all wars was fought to restore the rule of that law and morality which developed under the influence of Graeco-Roman-Christian civilization. This war was fought against aggressors whose caveman ethics delivered everybody to an arbitrary judge. We want to reestablish pre-Hitlerian law and morality. Can we do it by arranging "swift" trials whose procedure would disregard the elementary principles of the very law which we want to restore? When the dust of history has covered the ephemeral notoriety of the Nazi gangsters, law and morality will still be the indispensable powers of balance in every human community.

In the Wind

DR. FRIEDRICH A. HAYEK, author of "The Road to Serfdom," really should do something to keep his name from being bandied about by the less reputable elements of the right. An organization called America's Future, Inc., with the same address and phone number as Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government, is currently referring to its most prolific hack writer, Samuel B. Pettengill, as "the American Hayek." . . . Incidentally, Hayek's influence on North American thought is indicated by the following statement of John Bracken, leader of Canada's Progressive Conservative Party: "Planned economy, whatever its auspices, leads inevitably to socialism and, as we have all witnessed in Europe—to totalitarianism."

GOVERNOR SIMEON WILLIS of Kentucky has announced that he will appoint a Negro to the State Board of Education and will ask Attorney General Eldon S. Dummit to appoint another as an assistant attorney general.

IN DEMOCRATIC COUNTRIES civil rights have always been won by years of struggle. Franco has once more demonstrated the greater efficiency of dictatorship by handing down to his people a ready-made bill of rights. It grants them freedom of speech, provided they don't disparage fascism, and freedom of religion, provided they are Catholics. All they need now is a bill of rights.

SOME THREE HUNDRED NAZIS in Mexico's Perote prison have petitioned Miguel Alaman, Secretary of the Interior, to release them, as they "no longer believe in Nazism."

M. J. COLDWELL, leader of Canada's Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, was the only Canadian delegate to San Francisco who voted against admitting Argentina to the conference. He said Argentina should first "remove the police censorship on news, restore freedom in universities and schools, and empty the concentration camps where democrats are incarcerated."

NORTH CAROLINA will have the nation's first permanent state recreation commission. The bill authorizing it, recently passed, provides for seven full-time commissioners, of whom one shall be a woman and one a Negro.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA will open a school of foreign service and international affairs on July 2.

LEGISLATIVE MEMO: The renegotiation act expires June 30. The House Ways and Means Committee, now considering an extension to December 31, has under advisement nine amendments, proposed by the United States Chamber of Commerce, which would seriously hamper the government in renegotiation proceedings.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. We will pay $1 for each item accepted.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Fascism Without Mussolini—II

BY MARIO ROSSI

THE PARTISANS

WHILE the royal family and the army generals, thinking only of their own safety, were deserting Italy and seeking refuge behind the Allied lines, a determined band of patriots took up the fight for their country and for the Allied cause. They were not men who had served Fascism until they saw it about to fall, nor were they men who paid only lip service to the ideal of freedom. For twenty years they had opposed Mussolini and all he stood for. Their integrity gave them the necessary authority in the eyes of the people, whereas the behavior of the King had completely discredited the monarchy. Under their leadership a popular army came into being, many hundreds of thousands strong. On May 11, General Mark Clark, in an order of the day, announced that this partisan army had liberated more than two hundred towns, including Milan, Turin, Genoa, Spezia, and Venice.

Drawing by Lilly Rossi

When the Allied troops entered these great cities, they found an amazing degree of order and the partisans' administration working smoothly. The C. B. S. correspondent Winston Burdett reported from Milan that the Italian partisans were the best-disciplined popular army he had ever seen.

> When our first troops got into Milan [he said] the partisans had had it under control for three days. They had the lights on and the street-cars going, and today they opened the banks. They saved the gas and water works and kept the electric-power plant intact by a fast job of demining. . . . Milan liberated itself. It did not wait for the Allies or for the lumbering Italian government in Rome to judge and sentence Fascist war criminals. It is impossible to get an accurate estimate of the number of Fascists, militiamen, and secret police who have been executed during the five days since the partisans took over, but no partisan with whom I spoke put the figure at less than 1,000 and most estimated that it was much higher.

General Clark referred to the Genoa Committee of Liberation as "an example of able administration." Venice, he said, had been liberated "from the interior by the armed forces of the freedom volunteers with the support and the encouragement of the entire population. . . . The port area and public services are intact, and the enemy has been unable to touch the many superb monuments of culture and civilization. When the forces of the Fifteenth Army Group entered your city everything had gone back to normal." And in another proclamation he declared: "The world must have no fear that Italy will not be able to produce men to guide her in the future. On the contrary, there are men in Italy who are more than fit to take an active part in the great work of reconstruction staged by the Allies."

These results were not achieved without a long and bitter struggle. The Allies' slow progress in Italy gave the Fascists and the Germans time to make many large-scale attacks upon the partisans. According to Marshal Alexander, 250,000 Italians died in the fight for liberation.

Italian patriots have also been fighting beyond the frontiers of the country. Many thousands joined Marshal Tito after September 8, 1943, and won his warm commendation. Of the 15,000 soldiers of the Garibaldi Division in Yugoslavia, only a little over 3,000 survived. Before the liberation of France there was close contact between the Italian and French guerrillas fighting in the Haute Savoie.

In September, 1943, the first Committee of National Liberation was organized, with branches in the most important cities. All groups of the population were represented. The workers cooperated either by fighting with the partisans or by striking. Many units of the army, particularly the Alpine troops, went over to the anti-Fascists. In Turin, on September 10, while the King and his generals were running away from Rome, the people fought an epic battle against the Germans. Kesselring had to introduce a reign of terror to master the situation. According to German sources, 50,000 Italians from the Turin region escaped to join the *maquis*.

In March, 1944, the German-controlled Radio Rome said 208,549 workers were on strike, but the Swiss press placed the number closer to three million. Radio Rome admitted that "the strike was meant to give concrete proof of the workers' solidarity with the Anglo-Americans and Russians by restricting war production." The New York *Times* commented editorially, "As a mass demonstration nothing has occurred in Europe to compare in scale with the revolt of the workers in Italy."

The Committee of National Liberation was recognized by the Bonomi government as its official representative in northern Italy in December, 1944. From then on it bore the responsibility not only of directing the fighting but also of solving serious political problems. It had to settle differences among the various political parties represented on it and set up administrations in the places liberated. Needing for this task the support not only of the partisans but of the population, it had to interpret and realize the aspirations of

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the masses. A Florentine paper described the local committees of liberation as follows:

> [They] were the embodiment not only of existing authority but of a new factor in Italian history. They were not merely an expedient, a temporary grouping of parties to facilitate a common effort; . . . they were in fact and in spirit true local governments, completely autonomous, the first foundation of that new political structure that is the result of the people's collaboration and not of an arbitrary coup d'état.

The choice before the Allies in northern Italy is to recognize the new political situation created by the strength of the partisans, or to impose a regime that, in spite of all the efforts of Allied propaganda, finds supporters only among those who hate or fear an Italian democratic republic. At this writing it looks as if the Allies would have to acknowledge that to continue the same policy in the political-minded north that they pursued in the south would lead to disaster. The aim of the Allies in the south has been to prop up the monarchy and to discourage the committees of liberation from taking any political initiative. In Florence, during the period of German occupation, the local Committee of Liberation directed a struggle against the enemy in which more than a thousand partisans died. After the liberation of the city the people expected to see the committee recognized as the local administrative body. Instead, the Allies nominated a monarchist *prefetto* who did everything possible to sabotage the work of the committee. In Siena prior to the entry of Allied troops the Committee of Liberation cleared the city's administration of Fascists. The AMG not only refused at first to deal with the committee, but disarmed the patriot forces and called back to service the Fascist police authorities.

There is a reason for this. The monarchy is extremely unpopular and cannot stay in power without British support. Great Britain can therefore control the King, and by keeping him in power it can control Italy.

THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

The history of the House of Savoy is the history of a dynasty which never hesitated to sacrifice the interest of the nation to its own. "The House of Savoy," wrote the historian Giuseppe Ferrari, "has constantly shifted from the Jesuits to the *Carbonari*, from Austria to France, from ambition to fear." This was written in the middle of the last century. If you substitute the word democracy for *Carbonari*, the statement is still true.

The apologists of Victor Emmanuel have said that he was a prisoner of Mussolini and had to carry out his orders. To this it may be retorted that the King himself brought Mussolini to power and did everything that was necessary to consolidate the Fascist dictatorship. The King always did as Mussolini wanted until the day came when this unholy alliance menaced the future of the dynasty. Ample proof of his submission was given when the Duce started his long series of aggressions. On March 7, 1936, as a reward for making him Emperor of Ethiopia, the King conferred on Mussolini the highest military decoration, the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy. The citation stated that "the Duce, as minister of the armed forces, had planned, conducted, and won the greatest colonial battle in all the history which he, as head of His Majesty's government, had conceived and desired for the prestige, the life, and the greatness of the Fascist motherland." Great publicity was given during the Ethiopian campaign to a picture showing the Queen offering her wedding ring for the collection of gold to pay for the war. Two years later the King received Adolf Hitler in Rome. Shortly afterward, accompanied by the Crown Prince and several Fascist ministers, he went to Naples to review the Italian "volunteers" who fought for Franco in Spain.

On June 10, 1940, the Italian ambassadors in London and Paris presented to the British and French governments the following declaration: "His Majesty the King Emperor announces that beginning tomorrow, June 11, Italy considers herself to be in a state of war with France and England." The monarchy must share with Fascism the responsibility for this declaration. Had the King wished to keep out of the war, he could have dismissed Mussolini at that moment. Not only did he follow Mussolini's lead, but he transferred to him the king's constitutional rights as supreme commander of the armed forces.

On May 22, 1943, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Tripartite Pact, the King sent a message to Hitler expressing his best wishes "for the prosperity and greatness of the German people, in the certainty that victory will not fail our arms." This was after the collapse in Africa and but a few months before the armistice with the Allies was signed.

The Prince of Piedmont, now Lieutenant General of the Realm, has been no less Fascist than his father. He has, of course, been practically helpless since 1925, when the Grand Council of Fascism took upon itself the power to determine the succession to the throne. That meant that, on the death of the King, Mussolini would allow the Prince of Piedmont to ascend the throne only if he had given proof of being a good Fascist. Umberto tried his very best. In 1936 he decided to dedicate himself to military life and asked, though in vain, to be sent to fight in Ethiopia. On May 23, 1938, he telegraphed Mussolini: "Duce . . . I want you to know that the Italian grenadiers, as citizens and as soldiers, are ever ready to obey your orders, in peace time as in a glorious war for the imperial greatness of the Fascist motherland." (The Prince, like the King, always spoke of the "Fascist" motherland or "Fascist" Italy.) By 1940 the Prince was in command of the Northern Army Group, and it was left to him to carry out the "stab in the back" against France. On that occasion he sent another telegram to Mussolini: "While moving toward certain victory, the troops of the western armies renew their solemn pledge to the untiring leader who molds the glorious destinies of the fatherland, and promise to dare anything in order to march in the footsteps of the Roman legions."

When Mussolini fell, in July, 1943, all the Prince was able to do, before his flight, was to warn his soldiers against anti-German demonstrations. In a secret order he reminded them that the war must go on, and that it was "not only inadmissable but inconceivable that Italian soldiers should fail in their duty of comradeship toward the ally which, with absolute loyalty, fights on our side for the defense of the sacred soil of our fatherland."

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But Umberto seems to be a fellow who likes everybody. Did he not declare to Michael Chinigo of the I. N. S. on April 14, 1944, that "America and Americans have always been very close to my heart, even when I could not say so"?

The other members of the House of Savoy have also given their support to Fascism. Two princes of royal blood—the Duke of Pistoia and the Duke of Bergamo—fought in Africa during the Ethiopian war. Another, the Duke of Spoleto, consented to become the King of Croatia but never dared to set foot in his kingdom. During the campaign for the liberation of Ethiopia in this war, the Italian army was led by the Duke of Aosta, who had been named viceroy of Ethiopia by Mussolini.

ALLIED PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE

Officially, Allied policy with respect to Italy was defined two months after the armistice at the Moscow conference. On November 1, 1943, the Foreign Secretaries of America, Russia, and England issued a special declaration stating that the "Allied policy toward Italy must be based upon the fundamental principle that Fascism and all its evil influences and emanations shall be utterly destroyed and that the Italian people shall be given every opportunity to establish governmental and other institutions based upon democratic principles." The declaration added that "it is further understood that nothing in this resolution is to operate against the right of the Italian people ultimately to choose their own form of government." The Foreign Secretaries of the United States and Great Britain affirmed that "the action of their governments from the inception of the invasion of Italian territory, in so far as paramount military requirements have permitted, has been based upon this policy."

These principles have been repeatedly reaffirmed, though always theoretically, by the Allied leaders. In practice the Allies have consistently strengthened the monarchy's political machine.

Secret directives from the Minister of the Navy, the supermonarchist De Courten, request all officers to watch closely sailors suspected of being members of "radical" parties, to use agents provocateurs to identify such sailors, to neutralize efficiently and firmly all anti-monarchist ideas spread among the crews by newspapers and pamphlets, to convince all sailors that the King has saved Italy and that if there were no king the Americans would not give Italy any money or raw materials. No purge of the navy has been allowed. The ministry's special commission for the purge is headed by Admiral Giuseppe Fioravanzo, a former ardent Fascist who in August, 1943—after Mussolini's fall, when the Allied armies were in Sicily—wrote, "We are fighting to demolish the British empire and to prevent American gangsterism and Soviet banditry from taking its place."

On February 20, 1945, fifty sailors invaded the premises of the Socialist paper *Avanti* in protest against an article criticizing the officers and the administration of the naval ordnance unit in Rome. The demonstration was organized by a certain Commander Zanardi, and some two hundred sailors received special leave to take part in it.

Most of the professional army officers are also props for the monarchy. A democratic Italy would have no use for men who instead of defending their country against the Germans fled from Rome with the King after the armistice. For this reason their careers depend upon the existence of the monarchy. It is not hard to imagine how the soldiers feel about being commanded by Mussolini's generals. General Arnaldo Azzi, who was expelled from the army when he advocated its complete overhauling, told Edward Johnson of the Chicago *Sun* that it had not been possible to reorganize the army "because they tried to reorganize it on the old basis—as a personal army of the monarchy—whereas the sentiments of the soldiers and the people are against the monarchy. The men are reluctant to answer the call-ups because they are required to swear allegiance to the King." Many of the King's generals who were held as prisoners of war in Africa, India, America, and Great Britain were sent back to Italy, not to fight against the Germans but simply to bolster the monarchy. When genuine anti-Fascists in exile ask to be repatriated, they are told that there is no shipping space available.

Drawing by Lilly Rossi

Prince Umberto

Army as well as navy officers have repeatedly allowed their men to commit acts of violence against anti-monarchist elements. In Avellino a major of the Italian army, followed by soldiers, entered the offices of a paper which had dared to demand the immediate abdication of the King and smashed furniture, destroyed type faces, and abused the editor" (Associated Press, November 18, 1943).

Almost every day the Italian press reports incidents in which the Carabinieri have intervened against republican elements. Just recently the Carabinieri went to the headquarters of the Republican Party in Grosseto, smashed windows where anti-monarchist manifestos were displayed and destroyed everything. The passers-by protested vigorously against this violation of democratic freedom, and the Carabinieri, threatening to use their submachine-guns, retreated to their barracks followed by the crowd. Only the energetic intervention of democratic leaders and of some AMG officials prevented bloodshed. I could cite many similar occurrences.

The provincial governors (*prefetti*) with their almost dictatorial powers are an important part of the monarchist machine. The *prefetto* names the mayors, the members of the city councils, and all the commissioners of the towns and villages in his province. He controls the police. The entire economic administration of the province is in his hands. He appoints all local committees for the purge of Fascists. In all provinces still under Allied administration the *prefetto* controls activities outside his jurisdiction on the ground that the approval of the AMG gives legality to his acts.

Should Fascism really be eliminated in Italy, the monarchy would go with it. That explains why the purge in southern Italy has been such a mockery. The trial of persons responsible for the fall of Rome has been categorically forbidden by the Allies in order not to indict the King and his generals. Even the trial of General Mario Roatta and

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other accomplices of Fascism was limited to their activities prior to the declaration of war. If General Roatta had told what he knew about the flight from Rome, the monarchy would have been irreparably compromised; his silence was assured by letting him escape. Up to the present twenty-nine persons have been brought before the High Court of Justice, and on only one has the death sentence been passed. It has been officially revealed that the High Commission for the Purging of Fascist Crimes has investigated 4,854 cases, of which 4,451 have been referred to the judicial authorities, regular or military; only 138 of these cases have been completed. It was because the partisans in the north were perfectly aware of this policy that they hurried to deal with many thousand Fascists before the arrival of the Allies.

Great Britain wishes to have the monarchy well intrenched before the Constituent Assembly is elected. The monarchists have never liked the idea of referring the institutional question to the decision of a Constituent Assembly. They would prefer a plebiscite, which is so much easier to manipulate. Unfortunately a Constituent Assembly can also be manipulated, although the matter is not quite so simple. If all the organs of local government are in the hands of the monarchists, nobody can guarantee that the elections will be conducted without compulsion and that the returns will be respected. Furthermore, under the present conditions of misery, it would be easy for the Fascists in the south, most of whom have not been purged, to buy the votes of the hungry people. Let us not forget that the Fascists made a lot of money under Mussolini.

The people cannot choose the form of government they prefer when the monarchy controls all the political machinery. A compromise is what Britain offers the Italian people. A revolution may be the answer.

AMG CONTROL

It has been easy for the Allies to enforce their Italian policy through the Allied Control Commission and the Allied Military Government. The situation that prevailed up to February, 1945, was described as follows by Anne O'Hare McCormick in a dispatch from Rome to the New York *Times* (August 23, 1944):

> There is no doubt we are ruling Italy. Somewhere in the picture is an Italian government. . . . [The ministers'] chief desire is to be allowed to share responsibility with the Allies in administering their country. So far they are pretty helpless. The armistice terms provide that no decision can be made by Italian authorities without Allied permission. A consul cannot be transferred or a bureau head appointed unless the proposed action is referred to the Control Commission. This is true in the economic as well as in the political field. We froze the stockpiles remaining in the country after the German withdrawal, and no factory can be reopened and no goods released without an Allied permit.

In February, 1945, the British Resident Minister for the Central Mediterranean, Harold MacMillan, announced that the Allied Commission was to become an organ of "consultation and advice" and that the government would be left free to carry on its functions except for matters related to military operations. Britain could well afford this gesture, for the monarchist machine was dependent on its support.

As for the policy followed from the very beginning by the AMG, Sir Richard Acland, addressing the House of Commons on May 24, 1944, said:

> There is not one man in any influential position in AMG whose past record shows that he understood and opposed Fascism before September, 1939. The supreme disqualification for the work of restoring order to the peoples who have been saved from Fascism appears to be the fact that you understood what Fascism meant when a good many honorable members opposite were hobnobbing with it. How do these people behave? The first thing they do is to get hold of the Carabinieri Reali, who of all Italian organized bodies have the highest record of complete collaboration not merely with Mussolini but with Hitler and the Nazis. They then parade in front of the representatives of the Carabinieri Reali those prisoners who were released by the front-line troops, and these agents of Nazidom decide which of the political prisoners shall go back to jail. The complete administration of the whole district is then handed over to the nominee of the Carabinieri Reali, and the result is that the civil administration of Sicily and now of southern Italy has fallen into the hands of the most disreputable Fascist gangsters.

LINE-UP OF POLITICAL PARTIES

In spite of their efforts the Allies have not succeeded in selling the monarchy to the Italian people—not even in those parts of Italy which the Allied armies have occupied for more than a year. In southern and central Italy, from Sicily to Florence, the main Italian parties are the Socialists, Christian Democrats, Communists, Democracy of Labor, Liberal Party, Action Party, and Republicans. Of these the Socialists, the Action Party, the Communists, and the Republicans are outspoken anti-monarchists; the Christian Democrats are divided between monarchists and anti-monarchists. Only Bonomi's Democracy of Labor and Croce's Liberal Party favor a compromise with the monarchy. The Socialists, under the leadership of Pietro Nenni, and the Communists, under the leadership of Palmiro Togliatti, differ only on the method of opposing the monarchy as an institution. The Communist Party is at present the less radical, favoring a postponement of the question until some time after the war, while the Socialists, who did not join the second Bonomi government, are violently opposed to the King and his henchmen. The Christian Democrats, the Socialists, and the Communists have the greatest number of followers. The Action Party does not claim mass support but is very active. It is a continuation of the *Giustizia e Libertà* movement created in France by Carlo Rosselli and derives its strength mainly from the intellectual bourgeoisie. The Italian Republican Party, which does not belong to the Committee of Liberation, has always kept alive the institutional question even when other leftist parties were mainly interested in the amelioration of economic and social conditions. Among its leaders is Colonel Randolfo Pacciardi, who led the Italian volunteers against Franco in the Spanish civil war. The monarchists are organized in a so-called Party of Italian Democracy, sponsored by army officers, the aristocrats, the Catholic high clergy, and of course the British.

[*The concluding section of this article will appear next week.*]

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Ernie Pyle

BY RANDALL JARRELL

HE WROTE like none of the rest. The official, press-agent, advertising-agency writing that fills the newspapers, magazines, and radio with its hearty reassuring lies, its mechanical and heartless superlatives; the rhetorical, sensational, and professional pieces of ordinary *Time-Life* journalism—the same no matter what the subject, who the writer; the condescending, preoccupied work of "real writers" officially pretending to be correspondents for the duration: all this writing about the war that by its quality denies the nature and even the existence of the war, he neither competed with nor was affected by. He was affected by, obsessed with, one thing—the real war: that is, the people in it, all those private wars the imaginary sum of which is the public war; and he knew that his private war, his compulsive obligation, was to write what he had seen and heard and felt so that neither those who had felt it nor those who had not could ever again believe that it was necessary for anyone to be ignorant of it. He was their witness; and he looked not to find evidence for his own theories or desires, to condemn, to explain away, to justify, but only to *see,* and to tell what he saw. What he cared about was the facts. But facts are only facts as we see them, as we feel them; and he knew to what a degree experience—especially in war—is "seeing only faintly and not wanting to see at all." The exactly incongruous, the crazily prosaic, the finally convincing fact—that must be true because no one could have made it up, that must be Pyle because no one else would have noticed it—was his technical obsession, because he knew it was only by means of it that he could make us understand his moral obsession: what happens to men in our war. (A few reporters cared almost as much and tried almost as hard; but their work is hurt by emotional forcing, self-consciousness, the hopeless strain between their material and their technique. To the reporter's trained consciousness there is something incidental, merely personal, almost meretricious, about his exact emotions or perceptions or moral judgments; these things are not part of "the facts," and he professionally supplies only as much of their generalized, familiar equivalents as his readers immediately demand and immediately accept. These things, for many years, had been the only facts for Pyle.) Pyle did not care how he told it if he could make us feel it; there is neither self-protectiveness nor self-exploitation in his style. What he saw and what he felt he said. He used for ordinary narration a plain, transparent, but oddly personal style—a style that could convince anybody of anything; but when his perceptions or emotions were complex, far-reaching, and profound, he did his utmost to express their quality fully—at his best with the most exact intensity, at his worst with a rather appealingly old-fashioned spaciousness of rhetoric. It is easy to be critical of some of these last passages, and of the flat homeliness of others: he possessed few of the unessential qualities of the accomplished writer but—at his rare best—many of the essential qualities of the great writer. It was puzzling and disheartening to read some of the reviews of his books: the insistence that this was not "great" reporting, the work of a "real" writer, but only a good reporter, a good man—nobody missed *that*—reproducing what the "G. I. Joes" felt and said. (Some writers seemed compelled to use about him, as they do about all soldiers who are at the same time enlisted men, the words *simple, plain,* or *little*—so disquieting in their revelation of the writers' knowledge and values.) And yet all of us knew better. We felt most the moral qualities of his work and life; but we could not help realizing that his work was, in our time, an unprecedented aesthetic triumph: because of it most of the people of a country *felt,* in the fullest moral and emotional sense, something that had never happened to them, that they could never have imagined without it—a war.

In war the contradictions of our world, latent or overt, are fantastically exaggerated; and what in peace struggles below consciousness in the mind of an economist, in war wipes out a division on atolls on the other side of a planet. So in Pyle war is the nest of all contradictions; the incongruous is the commonplace homogeneous texture of all life. All of them know it: a cannoneer, playing poker by two candles in a silent battery, says to him "as though talking in his sleep," *"War is the craziest thing I ever heard of."* A man builds a raft to float on the water of his foxhole; another goes to sleep, falls over in the water, and wakes up, until he finally ties himself by a rope to a tree; four officers of a tank company fix themselves a dugout with electric lights, a pink stove, an overstuffed chair, and "a big white dog, slightly shell-shocked, to lie on the hearth." Men in shallow foxholes, under severe strafing, try to dig deeper with their fingernails, are commonly "hit in the behind by flying fragments from shells. The medics there on the battlefield would either cut the seats out of their trousers or else slide their pants down, to treat the wounds, and they were put on the stretchers that way, lying face down. It was almost funny to see so many men coming down the hill with the white skin of their backsides gleaming against the dark background of brown uniforms and green grass." Pyle "couldn't help feeling funny about" fighter pilots who had just strafed a truck convoy, and who, "so full of laughter . . . talked about their flights and killing and being killed exactly as they would discuss girls or their school lessons." Soldiers pile out of their jeeps for an approaching bird, thinking it a Stuka ("I knew one American outfit that was attacked by Stukas twenty-three times in one day. A little of that stuff goes a long way"); and a digger testifies, with utter magnificence: "Five years ago

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you couldn't have got me to dig a ditch for five dollars an hour. Now look at me. You can't stop me digging ditches. I don't even want pay for it; I just dig for love. And I sure do hope this digging today is all wasted effort, I never wanted to do useless work so bad in all my life. Any time I get fifty feet from my home ditch you'll find me digging a new ditch and, brother, I ain't joking. I love to dig ditches." And yet it is a war where "few ever saw the enemy, ever shot at him, or were shot at by him"; where "physical discomfort becomes a more dominant thing in life than danger itself"; where everything is so scarce that passing soldiers stop Pyle six times in a day to borrow a pair of scissors to cut their nails—"if somebody had offered me a bottle of castor oil I would have accepted it and hidden it away."

Pyle is always conscious of the shocking disparity of actor and circumstance, of the little men and their big war, their big world: riding in a truck in the middle of the night, so cold he has to take off his shoes and hold his toes in his hands before he can go to sleep, he feels shiveringly "the immensity of the catastrophe that had put men all over the world, millions of us, to moving in machine-like precision through long nights—men who should have been comfortably asleep in their warm beds at home. War makes strange giant creatures out of us little routine men that inhabit the earth." And, flying from the Anzio beachhead to D-Day in the Channel, passing at sunset over the peaks of the Atlas, he thinks longingly of the worlds inside the world: "Down below lived sheep men—obscure mountain men who had never heard of a *Nebelwerfer* or a bazooka, men at home at the end of the day in the poor, narrow, beautiful security of their own walls." His column describing the apotheosis of another world, the debris of the Normandy beachhead, is so extraordinary in its sensitivity, observation, and imagination that I wish I could quote all of it; but, taken at random from "this long thin line of personal anguish": from the sleeping, dead, and floating men; from the water "full of squishy little jellyfish . . . in the center of each of them a green design exactly like a four-leaf clover"; from the ruined tanks, trucks, bulldozers, half-tracks, typewriters, office files, steel matting, and oranges—a banjo and a tennis racket; from the dogs, Bibles, mirrors, cigarette cartons (each soldier was given a carton of cigarettes before embarking), and writing-paper of that universe where "anything and everything is expendable," here are two objects:

> I stooped over the form of one youngster whom I thought dead. But when I looked down I saw that he was only sleeping. He was very young, and very tired. He lay on one elbow, his hand suspended in the air about six inches from the ground. And in the palm of his hand he held a large, smooth rock.
>
> I stood and looked at him for a long time. He seemed in his sleep to hold that rock lovingly, as though it were his last link with a vanishing world. . . .
>
> As I plowed out over the wet sand, I walked around what seemed to be a couple of pieces of driftwood sticking out of the sand. But they weren't driftwood. They were a soldier's two feet. He was completely covered except for his feet; the toes of his G. I. shoes pointed toward the land he had come so far to see, and which he saw so briefly.

Yet their war's grotesque unnaturalness finally becomes for them a grotesque naturalness, all that they have known or done—except for that endlessly dwelt-on fantasy that was before and may be after the war, their civilian lives and families and home. Pyle one night—back in one world after weeks in the other—"never wide awake, never deeply asleep," thinks fitfully: "One world was a beautiful dream and the other a horrible nightmare, and I was a little bit in each of them. As I lay on the straw in the darkness they became mixed up, and I was not quite sure which was which." From his long experience of front-line troops, divisions used steadily for months or years, he creates calmly and objectively and prosaically—under their jokes and addresses and grammatical errors, the speech of the farms and garages of America—their extraordinary suffering: the "endlessness of everything," their "state of exhaustion that is incomprehensible . . . past the point of known human weariness . . . one dull, dead pattern—yesterday is tomorrow and Troino is Randazzo and when will we ever stop and, God, I'm so tired." He and an officer look at some muddy, exhausted troops and decide "they haven't been up in the line at all." They don't have "that stare" of front-line troops. Pyle continues: "It's a look of dulness, eyes that look without seeing, eyes that see without conveying any image to the mind. It's a look that is the display room for what lies behind it—exhaustion, lack of sleep, tension for too long, weariness that is too great, fear beyond fear, misery to the point of numbness, a look of surpassing indifference to anything anybody can do." Nobody else makes you feel so their *long* dreary suffering, everything going on past not only their own lives but the lives of their replacements, until a whole division is "only a numbered mechanism through which men pass"; you remember Mauldin's bearded and filthy soldier, so exhausted he looks middle-aged, staring at his rifle and saying to it slowly: "I've given you the best years of my life."

And these are not professional soldiers but only ordinary people: we feel behind every word the ironic pathos of what they are doing and what they are, of the threadbare shiny scraps that are all that remain to them of the old life they hope their way back to, from this dream where they lie "shooting at the darkness from out of the dark." These scraps—jobs, families, and states—repeated with the same perpetual heart-breaking plainness to the listening Pyle, are a bridge pushed back shakily to their real lives; and he understands and puts down what they tell him, always; and the foolish think it a silly habit of his. Even his generals seem human, as he tells how one is waked: the sentry kneeling beside the general, asleep on the ground in his long underwear, repeating softly, "General, sir, general, sir." The desperate antinomies of war are held together by their common ground, the people who endure them: in the foreground, overshadowing the great convulsions, the appalling strengths, are always "the individual cells of that strength"—their stubbornly and precariously stable commonplaceness, their wonderful pathetic persistence in all they can keep of their old understanding and lives and world. If there are few of the regular heroes, there are many of Pyle's: men chosen by chance, sent out "across the ageless and indifferent sea," doing determinedly and unwillingly what they have to do, heroic if they have to be, and not for a public cause but for

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their own private moral obligations—fighting "for . . . for . . . well, at least for each other." So Pyle stays with them year after year and finally dies with them, because of them—the lives that, with their pets, their dreams of after and before, their pictures of their children and wives and girls, their intermittent unending exhaustion and suffering and despair, inch out their marginal existence under the 88's.

Nobody else in the world but Pyle makes you feel so intensely *sorry* for them, makes you feel how entirely against their will and aside from their understanding it all happens. The terrible particulars of their misery, of this catastrophe beyond anything they could have deserved or even imagined, drive home to anybody who can understand anything the final moral contradiction of such a war: that though from it come, along with suffering and brutality and death, courage and stubborn endurance and sacrifice, people's real love for one another—*all these things have their price;* and this price is so much too great that it is absolutely incommensurable. Though our victory in this war is better than our defeat, though there is a difference between the two sides that is essential, still what has to be done, the actual substance of the war, is almost entirely evil. The sergeant says to Pyle about the replacements: "I know it ain't my fault they get killed, and I do the best I can for them. But I've got so I feel like it's me killing 'em instead of a German. I've got so I feel like a murderer." For Pyle, to the end, killing was murder: but he saw the murderers die themselves.

His condemnation of war seems to the reader more nearly final than any other, because in him there is no exaggeration, no hysteria, no selection to make out a case, no merely personal emotion unrecognized as such; he has nothing to prove. He has written down all that is favorable or indifferent—his readers have noticed this most, the commonplace courage and endurance and affection of his soldiers; but after all this his condemnation is so complete, detailed, brought home to us so absolutely, that it is unforgettable and unarguable. This proper evaluation of things, his calm, detachment, and objectivity (some of his most humorous and equable columns were written while he himself was in the depths of frustration and revulsion) help to give his work its serious truth.

Here are the soldiers of this war:

> I was sitting among clumps of sword grass on a steep and rocky hillside that we had just taken, looking out over a vast rolling country to the rear. A narrow path wound like a ribbon over a hill miles away, down a long slope, across a creek, up a slope, and over another hill. All along the length of that ribbon there was a thin line of men. For four days and nights they had fought hard, eaten little, washed none, and slept hardly at all. Their nights had been violent with attack, fright, butchery, their days sleepless and miserable with the crash of artillery.
>
> The men were walking. They were fifty feet apart for dispersal. Their walk was slow, for they were dead weary, as a person could tell even when looking at them from behind. Every line and sag of their bodies spoke their inhuman exhaustion. On their shoulders and backs they carried heavy steel tripods, machine-gun barrels, leaden boxes of ammunition. Their feet seemed to sink into the ground from the overload they were bearing.
>
> They didn't slouch. It was the terrible deliberation of each step that spelled out their appalling tiredness. Their faces were black and unshaved. They were young men, but the grime and whiskers and exhaustion made them look middle-aged. In their eyes as they passed was no hatred, no excitement, no despair, no tonic of their victory—there was just a simple expression of being there as if they had been there doing that forever, and nothing else.

This is how they die:

> When a man was almost gone, the surgeons would put a piece of gauze over his face. He could breathe through it but we couldn't see his face well.
>
> Twice within five minutes chaplains came running. One of those occasions haunted me for hours. The wounded man was still semi-conscious. The chaplain knelt down beside him and two ward boys squatted nearby. The chaplain said, "John, I'm going to say a prayer for you."
>
> Somehow this stark announcement hit me like a hammer. He didn't say, "I'm going to pray for you to get well"; he just said he was going to say a prayer, and it was obvious to me that he meant the final prayer. It was as though he had said, "Brother, you may not know it, but your goose is cooked." Anyhow, he voiced the prayer, and the weak, gasping man tried vainly to repeat the words after him. When he had finished, the chaplain added, "John, you're doing fine, you're doing fine." Then he rose and dashed off on some other call, and the ward boys went about their duties.
>
> The dying man was left utterly alone, just lying there on his litter on the ground, lying in an aisle, because the tent was full.

There are many passages in Pyle that, in their extraordinary intensity and exactness of observation and presentation, seem to the reader to have reached a pure truth of statement. (When we read his famous column about the dead Captain Waskow we are no longer separated from the actual event by anything at all.) In the hospital tent he sees that all the wounded and dying look alike, their faces reduced to a "common denominator" by dirt and suffering and exhaustion—except for any extremely fair soldier, who looks like "a flower in a row of weeds." As the bombs from hundreds of our heavy bombers were falling toward Pyle (by that mistake that killed General McNair and hundreds of other Americans), he heard how "the universe became filled with a gigantic rattling as of huge ripe seeds in a mammoth dry gourd"; he and a stranger wriggled desperately under a farm wagon, and waiting for the bombs already exploding around them, he saw that "we lay with our heads slightly up—like two snakes—staring at each other." Is there any imaginable way in which the next quotation could be altered?

> Our fighters moved on after the enemy, and those who did not fight, but moved in the wake of the battles, would not catch up for hours. There was nothing left behind but the remains—the lifeless debris, the sunshine and the flowers, and utter silence. An amateur who wandered in this vacuum at the rear of a battle had a terrible sense of loneliness. Everything was dead—the men, the machines, the animals—and he alone was left alive.

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I do not need to write about Pyle's humor and honesty and understanding, all the precious and "human" qualities —this use of *human* seems an inexorable rationalization, a part of the permanent false consciousness of humanity— that no reader has missed. Along with them there is the charm of those frailties which he insisted on so much. He told beautifully, and often, how scared he was *(Lord, but I felt lonely out there);* but his extraordinary courage—no, his ordinary courage, the courage which, as he showed endlessly, had to be ordinary for millions of men—his readers could only guess, from the long voluntary succession of those situations he was so scared in. His steady humility and self-forgetfulness—without any of the usual veneration of the self for what it is forgetting—were reinforced by his peculiarly objective amusement at his own relation to the world. (When he landed on Okinawa he borrowed a combat jacket with U. S. Navy on the back. Later a marine told him: "You know, when you first showed up, we saw that big Navy stenciled on your back, and after you passed I said to the others: 'That guy's an admiral. Look at the old gray-haired bastard. He's been in the navy all his life. He'll get a medal out of this sure as hell.' ") His affectionate amused understanding and acceptance of all sorts and levels of people come from his imaginative and undeviating interest in, observation of, these people; he is as unwilling to look away from them because they do not fit his understanding of them as he is to reject them because they do not satisfy the exacting standards he keeps for himself.

He was very much more complex than most people suppose; and his tragedy—a plain fatality hung over the last of his life, and one is harrowed by his unresigned *I've used up my chances*—was not at all that of the simple homogeneous nature destroyed by circumstances it is superior to. People notice how well he got along with people and the world, and talk as if he were the extrovert who naturally does so; actually he was precisely, detailedly, and unremittingly introspective, and the calm objectivity of his columns is a classical device—his own confused and powerful spiritual life always underlies it, and gives it much of its effect. This contradictory struggle between his public and private selves, between the controlled, objective selectivity of the pieces and his own intense inner life, one must guess from fragments or the remarks of those who knew him best; it is partly because this one side of him is incompletely represented in his work that one regrets his death so much.

His writing, like his life, is a victory of the deepest moral feeling, of sympathy and understanding and affection, over circumstances as terrible as any men have created and endured. By the veneration and real love many millions of people felt for him, their unexplained certainty that he was *different* from all the rest, and theirs, they showed their need and gratitude for the qualities of his nature, and seemed almost to share in them. He was a bitter personal loss for these people. Most of his readers could not escape the illusion that he was a personal friend of theirs; actually he was—we meet only a few people in our lives whom we ever know as well or love as much. There are many men whose profession it is to speak for us—political and military and literary representatives of that unwithering estate which has told us all our lives what we feel and what we think, how to live and when to die; he wrote what he had seen and heard and felt himself, and truly represented us. Before his last landing in the Ryukyus, he felt not only fear and revulsion, but an overwhelming premonition that he would die there: "repeatedly he said he knew he would be killed if he hit another beachhead. Before he finally settled the question of whether or not to go ashore in his own mind, he spent three sleepless days and nights. Then on the fourth day he made up his mind." He told a good friend, "Now I feel all right again"; to other people he said merely that he didn't want to go there, but he guessed the others didn't either. He had to an extraordinary degree the sense of responsibility to *the others,* the knowledge of his own real duty, that special inescapable demand that is made—if it is made—to each of us alone. In one sense he died freely, for others; in another he died of necessity and for himself. He had said after visiting the lepers in the Hawaiian Islands: "I felt a kind of unrighteousness at being whole and 'clean.' I experienced an acute feeling of spiritual need to be no better off than the leper."

After he died I saw, as most people did, a newsreel of him taken in the Pacific. He is surrounded by marines trying to get his autograph, and steadies on the cropped head of one of them the paper he is signing. He seems unconscious of himself and the camera; his face is humorous, natural, and kindly, but molded by the underlying seriousness, almost severity, of private understanding and judgment. I remembered what the girl in "The Woodlanders" says over another grave: "You were a *good* man, and did good things." But it is hard to say what he was or what we felt about him. He filled a place in our lives that we hardly knew existed, until he was there; and now that he is gone it is empty.

BRIEFER COMMENT

A New Spirit

RICARDO ROJAS'S turgid and uneven book, "San Martín, Knight of the Andes," (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50), has a fourfold importance. It is one of the few biographies of this great South American liberator which is available in English. Written by the dean of Argentine letters a dozen years ago, it tells us almost as much about the mirror as about the mirrored. Third, it comes at a time when the process of fighting to free peoples from tyranny is again honored and to be understood. And, fourth, it sheds light on happenings in Spain and Spanish America today, when men again write as they did in 1792, "Spain is become ripe for freedom. It is necessary to make this revolution both in European and American Spain."

José de San Martín, "Generalissimo of the Republic of Peru and founder of her liberty, Captain General of Chile and Brigadier of the Argentine Confederation," was born of Spanish parents in Argentina in 1778. Taken back to Spain at seven, he was at eleven enrolled as a cadet in the Murcia regiment. For twenty years he fought Spain's battles. At thirty-three, a colonel, he left the moribund monarchy, in disguise, went back to Argentina, and put his great

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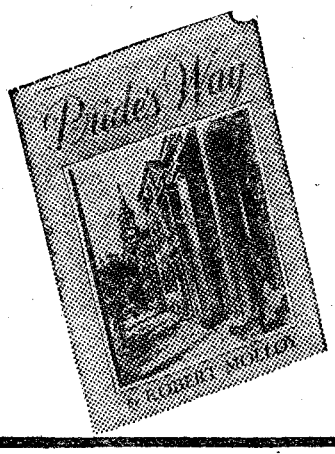

MISS JULIE AND MISS TESSIE were two vigorous and eccentric old ladies who lived in Charleston, S. C., in 1910. The story of their troubles and adventures is "delightful, a gentle satire on Charleston's pride of social position giving a wise, mellow coherence to what would be, otherwise, just an amusing and entertaining genre picture . . . of an extraordinarily real American family."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.75

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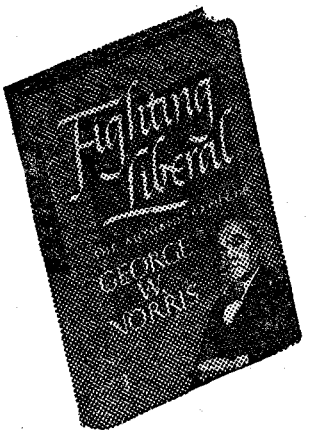

The center of many controversies and crusades, the late Senator Norris was an outstanding figure on the American scene. With characteristic warmth, simplicity, and honesty, he has set down the record of his beginnings, his active years, his accomplishments and beliefs. His first-hand story sums up the history of our immediate past and throws light on many problems of today and tomorrow. $3.50

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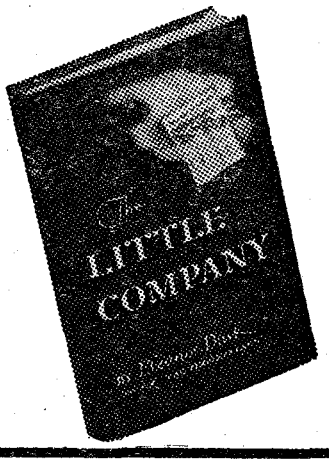

The
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Here is an arresting book which explains contemporary Argentina in terms of her history, with complete honesty and detachment. "Illuminating and remarkably well-written . . . it accurately portrays beneath the current of various political differences, the deep waters of industrial and economic conflict."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.* $4.00

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military skill at the service of people revolting against Spanish rule.

Just what it was that converted him to the cause of liberty the author does not sufficiently examine. "Bourbon regalism, French encyclopedism, and British liberalism created a new spirit," says Señor Rojas, and lets it go at that. His real interest lies in San Martín's later life.

For North American readers, many of them meeting San Martín in these pages for the first time, the book takes far too many things for granted. It is highly subjective, very much concerned with its hero's illnesses, his fidelity to his child wife, his austerity of life and saintliness of soul. That San Martín managed to equip and lead a native army over the high passes of the Andes and defeat larger Spanish forces in Chile seems out of character. Perhaps he was, as this author pictures him, a melancholy mystic, a "saint of the sword" afflicted with stomach ulcers. Or perhaps the distemper of romanticism has lingered too long in modern Argentina, and stained the image with green mold.

The translators, Herschel Brickell and Carlos Videla, are to be congratulated on their skill in quieting purple passages and rendering tortuous prose into readable English.

MILDRED ADAMS

Back to Manchester

LOUIS MARLIO has combined the careers of successful business man, scholar, statesman, and teacher to an extent which is rare in Europe, almost non-existent in the United States. And while it might not be wholly unexpected in these days to find that a man who was for thirteen years chairman of the International Aluminum Cartel is now associated with the Brookings Institution in Washington, it is still surprising that he has deserved his present position because he was also formerly professor of economics at the Paris École des Sciences Politiques.

He is the author of a number of books, the first of which, "German Policy and International Waterways," was published in 1907. His latest, "Can Democracy Recover?" (Doubleday, Doran, $2), was printed in French in 1943 under the title of "La Révolution d'hier, d'aujourd'hui et de demain." The primary emphasis, however, is on the French Revolution of 1789.

The author's cure for democracy's present plight is a combination of return to the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and economic liberalism of the Manchester School. His diagnosis of the ways in which not only France but all the other nations that make up Western civilization strayed from the original revolutionary principles is scholarly, persuasive, and illuminating. But although he is far less extreme than Friedrich Hayek in his devotion to economic orthodoxy, his book is no more convincing than "The Road to Serfdom" in its thesis that a slightly modified laissez faire economy, plus the social good-will represented by the revolutionary slogan, would bring out all that is best in the best of possible worlds.

One of the most insidious arguments of the defenders of nineteenth-century capitalism is that its defects should be cured by moral suasion rather than by political action. Marlio presents this argument with considerable brilliance, and many of his comments are well worth reading, but he still fails to demonstrate that if all business men were made completely free to pursue their own selfish interests, their combined efforts would automatically produce the greatest good for the greatest number.

CHARLES E. NOYES

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Minorities in America

MORE THAN HALF of "One America," edited by Francis J. Brown and Joseph Slabey Roucek (Prentice-Hall, $5), deals with "contributions" of minority peoples to American civilization as evaluated by scholars of uneven abilities. They grant nodding recognition to the newest approach which stresses minority "participation" when they use such subheadings as cultural differentiation, assimilation, and acculturation. Although space limitations do not permit full treatment of these significant themes, the various contributors take less than full advantage of the scope afforded them. Important aspects of the social and economic history of minority peoples are omitted, and the best sources are not always utilized. Some of the contributors adopt a filio-pietistic tone. Writing of the Irish, A. J. Reilly refers to various aspects of "Celtic genius," very unjustifiably denies a distinct Scotch-Irish contribution (apparently the editors agree—shades of Andrew Jackson!), ignores such a study as Oscar Handlin's "Boston's Immigrants," while affording full scope to the views of the jingoes of the American-Irish Historical Society. A. B. Faust, whose historical work has won the approbation of the Steuben Society, contributes a comparable article on the German element. On the other hand, the reader will be interested in what information there is on such minorities as Estonian, Hindu, Turkish, and Armenian Americans.

Somewhat better is the section dealing with Activities of Minority Groups. Stressing recent and even contemporary developments, the editors are sure that the war has had a unifying effect upon the American peoples. "We have become and will remain one America!" Such a conclusion is borne out neither by these chapters nor by events not covered by them. The last two sections comprise for the most part routine discussions of the origin and nature of group conflict and methods of combating it. The complacent tone of some of these surveys would belie the need of the present moment, which is a new methodology of combating prejudice.

Because of its comprehensiveness "One America" is a convenient and in many respects a useful volume. It could have been a better one.

EDWARD N. SAVETH

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FILMS

THE recently released films which show Nazi atrocities are only part of what is rather clearly an ordered and successful effort to condition the people of this country against interfering with, or even questioning, an extremely hard peace against the people of Germany. The simple method is to show things more frightful than most American civilians have ever otherwise seen, and to pin the guilt for these atrocities on the whole German people. I am judging this to be so by what I have seen and read in the press and by the effect of the atrocity press and the atrocity films as it can be observed in everybody, by everybody. I have not felt it necessary to see the films themselves. I don't agree with those who will feel that this deprives me of the right to have some reactions and ideas of my own, in relation to the general matter; or that they are necessarily, for that reason, not worth putting on paper.

I cannot get my thoughts in order, yet, to write what I think needs writing, about such propaganda and the general reaction to it. But I do want to go on record against it, as I believe many other people would like to, before our voices become indistinguishable among those of the many confused or timid or villainous people who are likely after a while, when the shock wears off—and when it is safe or even stylish—to come somewhat to their senses. Briefly then: the passion for vengeance is a terrifyingly strong one, very easily and probably inevitably wrought up by such evidence, even at our distance. But however well aware I am of its strength, and that in its full immediate force and expression it is in some respects irrelevant to moral inquiry, I doubt that it is ever to be honored, or regarded as other than evil and in every direction fatally degrading and destructive; even when it is obeyed in hot blood or in a crisis of prevention; far worse when it is obeyed in cold blood and in the illusion of carrying out justice.

I think it has taken such strong hold on so many of us most essentially because we suspect the passion itself, and know that even if the passion were a valid one to honor there would be no finding victims, or forms of vengeance, remotely sufficient to satisfy it. We cannot bear to face our knowledge that the satisfaction of our desire for justice, which we confuse with our desire for vengeance, is impossible. And so we invent as a victim the most comprehensive image which our reason, however deranged, will permit us: the whole of a people and the descendants of that people: and count ourselves incomparably their superiors if we stop short of the idea of annihilation. And we refuse to grant that this war has proved itself lost—if indeed it ever could have been won—as surely in our own raging vengefulness as in that of the mob in the Milan square. Indeed, we are worse than they and worse, in some respects, than the Nazis. There can be no bestiality so discouraging to contemplate as that of the man of good-will when he is misusing his heart and his mind; and there can be no trusting him merely because, in the long run, he customarily comes part way to, and resumes his campaign for, what he likes to call human dignity.

JAMES AGEE

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

ART lovers yearn now for the Terrible. If any art is going to be allowed to take such liberties with nature as modern art does, then it ought to repay us with emotion—shake and scare us the way titans like Michelangelo do. What is involved is really the Sublime, but the term is a little ashamed of itself by now and is excluded from the careful cant of contemporary writing on art and literature. Nevertheless, the Terrible of our time (it is even better form to call it the "disquieting") proves just as hollow in the end as the Sublime of the romantics.

The same taste that feels the cubists to have sacrificed "emotional content" to "intellectualism" and "technique" discovers a latter-day titan in Rouault and is overcome by his "volcanic force." No one who visits Rouault's large show at the Museum of Modern Art (through June 3) can fail to discern a remarkable painter, see several very effective pictures, and recognize a quantity of genius. Yet that remarkable painter is not a great or a major artist. The quietness that unfailingly characterizes great painting does not enter here as it enters into some of the most agitated of Tintoretto's and Delacroix's works—where, as elsewhere, it testifies to the artist's triumph over the medium, and the medium's final acquiescence.

The fault with Rouault does not lie precisely in the extruded emotion or in the bombast, but rather in a lack of deference. He refuses to let his intentions be shaped by the etiquette and physical conditions of his art; histrionic impatience, the anxiety to express, makes him try to rape the medium and anticipate the spectator's emotions by presenting a *fait accompli* before the fact—there the spectator's emotion is in the picture before he has had time to feel it. He gets a portrait of the way he ought to feel. And so many of us feel guilty about emotional impotence that we hurry to assent.

Rouault cultivates a style that seems the essence of spontaneity, yet whose repetitiousness stamps it as almost a formula. He takes few chances with color and invariably plays one complementary tone against another; his main reliance is black—or raw umber—to which he relates every other color, and this, as most painters know, is one of the safest tricks in the game. His design tends usually to be dead-centered and, too frequently, symmetrical. At the same time his control of three-dimensional depth is unsure; here and there in his earlier works high lights pop out or spots of shadow retreat too far or submerge too much. In one and the same picture he will handle space now in the modern way, as a question primarily of surface, and now in the Renaissance way, as a question of fictive depth. The influence of Daumier, one of the last great painters to conform to the Renaissance conception of pictorial space, struggles with that of the post-impressionists—and maybe that of Munch too. Daumier's precept gets the upper hand in Rouault's black-and-white work, however, and the result is an increase of calm and also the revelation of how much more conventional his art is than it at first seems to be.

Rouault did not embrace his expressionism until he was over thirty and had undergone a religious conversion. For the first six or seven years thereafter he appears to have restricted himself largely to water color, oil on paper, and similarly direct media, which best registered his *fougue* without forcing him to abandon certain vestiges of academicism. (One must remember that though Matisse, who was taught by Gustave Moreau, began as an impressionist, Rouault remained a *disciple* of Moreau until he was thirty.) In the beginning he organized his pictures chiefly by darks and lights in depth and paid little heed to surface design. Some of the nudes Rouault executed at this time are quite strong, especially when they stay close to nature, but lack a certain incisiveness. Unlike Degas, whose influence may have touched him just then, Rouault could not integrate the two-dimensional pattern of the literal surface with the illusion of the third dimension underneath.

Some time around 1913 Rouault began to devote more attention to oil proper. With this came a greater interest in surface and texture, while his color range widened considerably and he ceased to rely mainly on values. As James Thrall Soby—who seems to have an obsessional affinity with "morbid" modern art—points out in his very informative catalogue note, Rouault's heavy contour lines first appeared now, sectioning off the human figure into anatomical compartments—perhaps in answer, as Mr. Soby suggests, to the then all-persuasive influence of cubism. Thick, molten-lava surfaces were gained from layers of paint in different colors, brushed on with little medium, one over the other, so that they interpenetrate. The emphasis on color and texture is intense and sudden—but after that there

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seems to have been little real evolution in Rouault's art.

It is as if, conscious of the faulty integration of his painting, he tried to resolve the problem by draining everything off into immediate sensuous effect. But a separateness, a disparity between the literal surface and the picture "within," persists. Rouault turned out some remarkable paintings from 1916 on—especially the Three Clowns (1917), the Portrait of Henri Lebasque, the Crucifixion of 1918, Self Portrait (1929), the Last Romantic, the Wounded Clown, and also the tapestry of the Wounded Clown—but all, except perhaps the tapestry, reveal on repeated view a curious fissure between technique and the whole picture—as if the *Ding an sich* had failed to manifest the appropriate phenomenal evidence. The style runs off by itself; we come away remembering colors and textures but not complete works of art. Whence it dawns on us that this passionate religious painter is really a kind of narrow virtuoso, maintaining content in order to exploit a style—unlike Matisse and Picasso, who work at and change style in order to achieve content. And the content of Rouault's art has to be explicit and emphatic in order to support a style whose intensity does not compensate its limited range, and which down at bottom lies sick with academicism.

It is ironic that Rouault, the up-to-date exponent of pornographic, sado-masochistic, avant-garde Catholicism, should be set forth as the only great religious artist of our time. A painter with real gifts, he fails to fulfil them because, among other things, he goes precisely to religion to find a pretext and justification for venting his abhorrence, not only of the epoch, but of humanity and himself. Perhaps this hatred and this desire to suffer lie profoundly at the heart of our epoch. But as the German philosopher Husserl said, profundity is chaos.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

REVIEWS of books sometimes provide performances that are interesting or amusing to watch. Thus, Virgil Thomson's "Musical Scene" being condescended to, in the *Times*, by Mark Schubart, and Mr. Schubart reminding the reader to take the book's contents as only the opinions of Mr. Thomson—that is something to hug one's sides over. Some may think I am condescending to Mr. Schubart's youth and status; but I am thinking only of his critical opinions. It was the writing of another youthful fourth-string critic, Gama Gilbert, that gave the *Times's* reviewing of music its brief glimmer of distinction and value a few years ago. And it is the traditions, attitudes, and methods of older men that Mr. Schubart is carrying on. Some things are learned quickly, others take time: already Mr. Schubart, in his record reviews, can use even more words to say even less; but he will need additional journalistic experience to produce those book reviews in which an intimate knowledge of the jacket-blurb, the preface, and the first pages of a few of the chapters has been conveyed with expansively leaden sententiousness.

The performances on Einstein's "Mozart" have been staggering; but Virgil Thomson, whose reviews of books have usually been poor, came through this time with the only comment I have seen that goes to the heart of what is wrong with Einstein's book. In connection with the vagueness of the descriptive analyses of particular works Thomson wrote: "Perhaps what bothers me all through is the author's assumption that his undoubted familiarity with the facts of Mozart's life, including his working habits gives him automatically a true insight into the meaning of Mozart's works. Time after time we are asked to take on faith ex-cathedra statements like the following about a piano piece that has always so bothered everybody that many editions omit it entirely: 'And the "Little Sonata" in B flat major (K.570), dating from February, 1789—perhaps the most completely rounded of them all, the ideal of his piano sonata—also contains counterpoint used humorously in the finale as if in open reference to the secrets of which the work is full.' I must say that here I find Mr. Einstein far more secretive than the piece he is talking about. This kind of pontifical obscurity (and the book is full of it) is unacceptable . . ." I cannot help noting the irony of Thomson's using the words "pontifical obscurity" which so well describe the method and result of some of his own articles. But what is important about those words here is their correctness as applied to Einstein's statement, and to countless statements which tell us as little about other works; and the fact that Einstein, like all the musicologists, knows everything about a work of Mozart except what it says and means.

What is also important, let me add—since Thomson doesn't—is that there is the same "pontifical obscurity" in Einstein's writing about Mozart's life, and that here he appears to assume that having provided factual documentation at certain points he may at other points make vast and cloudy pronouncements without any documented factual basis at all. On p. 93 of the chapter on Mozart's education is the statement that "his deep intuition pierced the cultural tendencies of his time, without the help of a single lecture on aesthetics." But immediately, and with no awareness that it largely negates what has just been said, there is the statement that "although he had no eye for . . . architecture, sculpture, or painting, he had as a dramatist the finest sense of poetry, both lyric and dramatic. Then, "he must have read a great deal"; and apparently in justification of this, "his library contained books on travel, history, and philosophy; poetical works such as those of Metastasio and Salomon Gessner; Molière's comedies . . . ; Wieland's 'Oberon'; and the lyrics of Gellert and Weisse." But no: "whether he actually read all this, nobody knows." But yes: "we do know that he read Metastasio and Gellert. He also knew Fénélon's 'Télémaque' and Tasso's 'Aminta'; he found amusement in the tales of 'The Thousand and One Nights'; and above

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all he knew a large part of the boundless Italian libretto literature." There is, then, documentation for a qualified statement about Mozart's literary interests, but none for the pronouncement about his deep intuition into the cultural tendencies of his time. And there is also great confusion in the progression of thought.

A far worse example of all this is the passage on the next page about Mozart's independence in regard to the new currents that heralded the approach of the nineteenth century, the period of Romanticism whose full flowering he might well have lived to witness. Anything that belonged simply to change or transition did not concern him. He was completely a child of the eighteenth century, perhaps, but also of the twentieth; which is another way of saying that he belonged to the eternity of art, and was in no sense a "forerunner." Beethoven found a great deal in Haydn that he could take as a point of departure, but very little in Mozart. How should one try to continue Mozart's work? It was possible to strive for perfection on another level, and perhaps even to achieve it; but Mozart's perfection could not be surpassed on its own level. With Haydn, on the other hand, one could in many respects compete on his own terms. Now, Mozart lived in the middle of the period of *Sturm und Drang*, the age of "sensibility," the age of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Mozart never mentions Rousseau, although he composed a *Singspiel* on Rousseau's "Devin du Village," and he must have heard Rousseau's name often enough in Paris. Presumably he would have had no use for the philosopher and musical amateur of Geneva, whose call "Back to Nature" would have meant very little to him. Mozart was on the side of Voltaire, in spite of the ill-tempered words he pronounced upon the sage of Ferney as an obituary. Voltaire, too, belongs to the eighteenth century and to eternity; and he has the same power of dry and pitiless observation, the same irony, the same fierce satire, and the same profound fatalism. Between "Candide" and the G minor Symphony there is a real kinship.

If you have read this passage, as I have, for continuous sense from one sentence to the next, you will agree that Einstein is using his subject to display the extensiveness of his background of knowledge and culture in a confusedly tangential gabble of pontifical generalizations and allusions which can impress only minds as confused or pretentious as his own.

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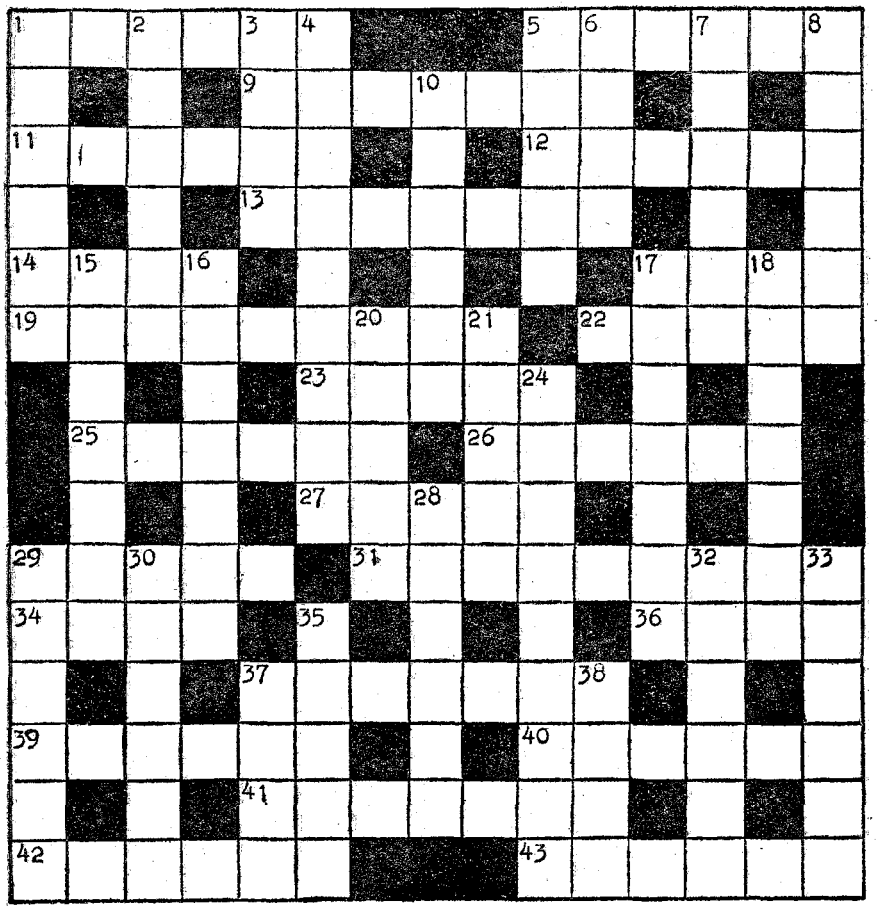

ACROSS

1 Creeps
5 Septicemia always starts with this
9 One kind of palm
11 Three-horse Russian vehicle
12 Overlook this
13 Fools' journeys, sometimes
14 Bone of the arm
17 Looks like the start of a Bronx cheer
19 The art of paying the coal bill, as it were
22 Distinctly feline
23 Dressmaker's triangular insertions
25 Hot bug (anag.)
26 Made for me mostly
27 Alias Spud Murphy
29 Island that was snatched out of the air
31 He communicates with his sweetheart by notes
34 Are sometimes even in betting
36 Commotion
37 Travelers' tales may be (two words, 3 and 4)
39 Strangely enough quite a peaceful spot in England
40 Testify at trial
41 Not Nature's work (hyphen, 3-4)
42 "The brazen ------ of war" (Milton)
43 Senseless state

DOWN

1 Adds relish to a meal
2 "Anti? No!" (anag.)
3 Less than love but similar, as every golfer knows
4 Astronomical figures are illuminating in this
5 In the vernacular, a shark
6 Don't put them all in one basket
7 Mrs. Spra never complained of meat being this (two words, 3 & 3)
8 It hardly describes the Ghost Train
10 Give her a beer for the doctor
15 London's "bank street"
16 Kidnaps
17 Black eye poultice (two words, 3 and 4)
18 "Heaven's ebon vault ------- with stars unutterably bright" (Shelley)
20 N. African tree whose fruit made strangers forget their home
21 It could have been freer
24 Politicians who didn't get what was coming to them
28 A veritable madhouse
29 "An engagement of no great magnitude" (dictionary)
30 He should be able to tell a good story
32 All in (two words, 4 and 2)
33 "I've got a little list . . ." (*Mikado*)
35 Form of eclat useful on shipboard
37 Mater appears after this battle in the old school
38 Let it stand, Mr. Printer

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 115

ACROSS:—1 DANIEL WEBSTER; 10 EPHRAIM; 11 DERVISH; 12 PAIRING; 13 WASHTUB; 14 OUTLETS; 15 DESTROY; 16 HOSTAGE; 20 PARABLE; 23 LA SALLE; 24 LEVERET; 25 FOILING; 26 RELEASE; 27 LEVEL CROSSING.

DOWN:—2 ATHEIST; 3 IMAGINE; 4 LIMOGES; 5 ENDOWED; 6 SOROSIS; 7 EVICTOR; 8 KEEP TO THE LEFT; 9 SHABBY GENTEEL; 17 SISTINE; 18 ALL-WISE; 19 ENERGIC; 20 PALERMO; 21 REVOLTS; 22 BARGAIN.

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